CHRISTIAN REGISTER AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1839. NO. 991.---VOL. XVIII.—NO. 39.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

THE CONTRAST—A SKETCH.

THE INFIDEL'S DEATH-BED.

'Twas a dark and gloomy night in the depth of winter, the ground was covered with snow, and but few dared to brave the bitter coldness of the midnight hour. In a wretched hovel, in one of the most infamous parts of New York, reposing on some matty straw, over which was spread a tattered blanket, lay the *Infidel*. A few coals with which some charitable hand had filled his fireplace, shed over the scene a dim and gloomy light: by his bedside was placed a rude table, on which were some bottles of medicine; a few torn garments lay scattered about the room, every thing indicated the most squalid poverty. Near this sufferer, dying from dissipation and want, sat a woman who had undertaken to nurse him. She often shivered and drew her cloak more closely around her, as the cold wind poured through the crevices of the crazy walls.

There is something in the whistling of the wintry blast, melancholy to all; it reminds the poor man of the hardships, the privations, and the sufferings he must undergo, ere the genial warmth of spring returns—it reminds the merciful rich man of the unhappy fate of the many who are exposed to its violence without a shelter for their heads; it reminds the rich sensualist, as he calls for more blankets and a hotter fire, of future attacks of rheumatism and gout. With that soothing and delicate attention, so peculiar to woman, the nurse was bathing his feverish forehead; but he heeded it not—yet he was soon to appear before the judgment seat of that God whom he had insulted, whose followers he had reviled, whose religion he had scoffed, whose vengeance he had set at defiance, whose very existence he had denied. He was in a delirium; and his mind was wandering back to those happy days of childhood, when, free from guile, he had lived under the fostering care of a kind and religious mother. Later in life, when he had become more familiar with the world, and had begun to mix with young men of his own age, he had been ridiculed for his religious impressions. At first he was astonished and shocked to hear their impious blasphemy, but soon his ear became familiar with it, and at last he was one of the most profane among them. But his thoughts were now in far happier days: he was talking with his mother and receiving her holy instruction; he heard her uplifting her silvery voice to heaven in behalf of the wretched; he heard her whispering the words of consolation into the ear of the afflicted, and as she directed their thoughts to heaven, asking them in the simple eloquence of scripture, 'Is there no physician in Israel? Is there no balm in Gilead?' This dream was pleasant. In sickness, in sorrow, even in the hour of death, the memory of a mother's love, of a mother's kindness, of a mother's anxiety, can drive away the mists of sorrow from the soul, with their cheering ray.

His thoughts now reverted from those blissful scenes to the hours spent with his infidel companions—ravings and blasphemies the most impious, poured from his lips; now he was in a public assembly, advocating infidelity, ridiculing, and (such is the vanity of man,) as *he* thought, disproving the holy faith of his fathers; now he recalled the time when he dared even to trample on the sacred volume of God; and his dim eye saw the maddened populace follow the detestable example. Well might its remembrance convulse his frame with fresh agonies;—he clenched his hand—he tore his hair, he exhibited all the gestures of despairing anguish, until wearied by excitement he sunk into a troubled repose.

The morning dawned, dark, gloomy, and cold; a fit time for him to yield up his soul. The physician came, inquired how he had spent the night, felt his pulse, shook his head, and announced to him that his last hour was nigh. The sinner now, for the first time, became sensible of his condition, and in vain endeavored to drive away his awful emotions. 'What is death?' said he; 'tis but a release from this miserable world—there is no hell,—I have proved it—there is no hell—but if there is—oh God! what is the fate of the sinner; he lives unhappy, he dies miserable, and the flames of hell torture his sight even in the hour of death.' The nurse, rude as she was, saw his mental torture with pity, and urged him to look to him who alone can save from destruction. But the name of his offended and injured God, only increased his blasphemies, and sunk him still deeper in the slough of despond.

The door opened, and a companion who had first led him into the paths of vice, entered. The Infidel recovered himself for a moment; with a bitter smile he said, 'Behold thy work! thou hast done this.' The wretch approached, and began to pour into his ear his sophistical arguments. But the arguments of Infidelity, however efficacious in health and prosperity, lose all their virtue when life is drawing to a close. The dying man became pale with rage. 'Leave me!' he cried. 'Begone! you have poisoned my existence: you have directed my soul to hell; and dare you, in *this* hour, torture your victim?' The man slunk away rebuked, perhaps soon to die the same miserable death. The Infidel's delirium increased—he raved, he swore, he blasphemed, until the nurse unable longer to bear the horrid scene, fled, and left him alone to die!

Tongue cannot tell the agonies of his last moments—no friend to smooth his dying pillow, none to pay him 'even the poor tribute of a tear.' Suffice it to say.

'He cursed his God—and died.'

The physician returned in the course of the day; he was dead—yet still his clenched hand, his convulsed limbs, the unearthly expression of his countenance, and the distortion of his features, showed how fierce had been the conflict before his spirit left its earthly tenement.

Truly, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

'Twas a beautiful morning in the month of May, the vernal breeze was wafting the delicate perfume of the rose and the orange-flower, through the window of the sick man. The sun had scarce begun to pour down his ardent rays, and the invalid's feverish eye, wandering over the green plains, beheld at a distance the laborer slowly following his plough. All was peace and loveliness;—the wren, with his subdued melodious voice, was soothing the ear; and from the topmost branch of a neighboring tree, the mocking-bird was pouring forth his inexhaustible stream of varied song. The clear whistle of the partridge was heard from the neighboring field; the hen with anxious solicitude was calling her tender brood around her. The house dog, wearied by his watch during the night was enjoying a tranquil repose under the shade of a large aspen. In the clear blue expanse of heaven, unobscured by a cloud, the lazy vulture of the south was sailing in monotonous rounds. The admirer of our lovely world, standing at the window of the sick man, beholding the beautiful prospect—the James dying away in the distance, its silver bosom occasionally dotted by a white sail, or obscured by the thick smoke of a steamboat—would unconsciously exclaim, 'How beautiful is nature!'

All these met the view of the dying man—the fields whose culture he had superintended; the garden whose flowers he had planted; the river on whose grassy banks he had so often strayed in pleasurable meditation; the birds to whose songs he had listened with so much pleasure in health, and whose nests and tender young he had preserved from the rude hand of the school-boy; old Cæsar, whom he himself had reared, who had followed and defended him in many perils—all these met his eye, and conspired, by their calming influence, to soothe his dying hours. He looked at his old friend, stretched out his emaciated hand to him, and whispered in the low tone of disease, 'Here Cæsar,' the noble animal sprang through the open door in a moment, and licked his master's hand. The old man was affected, he patted his favorite's head, and turning to his daughter said, 'Fanny, you will not leave old Cæsar to starve when I am gone?' She spoke not, but an eloquent flood of tears answered the question. The dog seemed to perceive that something sad was going on, and lying on the floor wagging his tail, he looked wistfully in the face of his master—a master, whom he should never more follow, except to the grave. Yes, his last hour was come: his family were all assembled at his bed-side, and his eye often rested with a fond look on his affectionate wife, and lovely daughter holding in her arms her first born; neither kid he spare a look of regard on his faithful body servant, giving vent, in a corner of the room, to his grief, in a sincere flood of tears. His mind was composed—he had partaken for the last time, of that holiest of rites, and his soul awaited but the mandate of the Mighty One, to wing its way to scenes of far purer bliss. Yet one grief disturbed his dying hour—his son—his only son was not there. He had, a year before, despite the entreaties of father, mother and sister, taken what property the liberality of his father had bestowed on him, and gone to one of the most dissipated Southern cities, whence many a sad account of him reached his family. They had hoped that the seeds of religion, so early implanted in his heart, might still spring up; and had written him numerous letters assuring him of entire forgiveness, if he would return. The old man's health sunk; and when he saw the hour of death was nigh at hand, he besought him in the most affectionate terms to come to him, that his eyes might not be closed forever, without one last fond look on his only son. They heard nothing from him, and his coming was despaired of by all; yet still his father seemed to expect him,—and often as he felt that life was fast ebbing away, he would cast an anxious look down the noble avenue which led to the house. 'Frank, my son,' muttered he, 'will you not comply with the last request of your dying father?' A cloud would settle on his brow for a moment, but it would be immediately dissipated when he beheld his little grandson playing in childish glee with his mother's dark ringlets. Again would he look down the avenue and heave a deep sigh. Not a word was spoken; they were all overwhelmed with grief. But now his anxious eye catches a glimpse of a horseman rapidly approaching—joyously he shrieked 'Tis Frank,' and, overcome by the violence of his emotion, fainted. When he recovered he found his son pale and toil-worn beside him—the instructions of those fond parents had not been lost; kneeling before his father, to beg forgiveness, he could only sob out, in the words of the prodigal son, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' The face of the dying man lighted up—he laid his trembling hand upon his son's head—'Bless thee my boy,' said he. He fell back—exclaimed in a low voice, 'now let thy servant depart in peace,'—a placid smile overspread his countenance—a slight shudder—and he was dead.

'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!' H. A. L.

Richmond, July, 1839.

VAIN THOUGHTS.—We are usually hoping after other things, which do but offer themselves to draw us after them, and to scorn us. What are the breasts of most of us, but so many nests of foolish hopes and fears intermixed, which entertain us day and night, and steal away our precious hours from us, that might be laid out so gainfully upon the wise and sweet thoughts of eternity and upon the blessed and assured hope of the coming of our beloved Savior!

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I remember vividly the circumstance of *her* departure. Consumption had already done its powerful work. Unlike many who are smitten with this disease, she preferred to die in the bosom of her family. Why should the stag, pierced to the heart in his own thicket, seek refuge in the deeper glades, to bleed to death? It is a wrong idea this, of searching in a land of strangers for health which is 'clean gone forever.' How many are thus cut down in the midst of their wanderings! In some desolate chamber, they lie in the agonies of death.—No soft hand presses their brow, no familiar voice whispers in the ear; no cherished friend performs their funeral obsequies. Death is indeed bitter, under such circumstances, being without its usual alleviations. It is a sweet consolation to die at home.

'On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

There is something dreadful, yet beautiful in consumption. It comes stealing on so softly and so silently. It comes, too, in the garb of mockery and deception, and clothes its victims in beautiful garments for the grave. The hectic flush, the snowy brow, the brilliant eye; who could believe that these were death's precursors, the signet of the conqueror! It invests the patient with a preternatural patience and sweetness under sufferings, keeping alive at the same time, in her breast the illusion of hope. Even in her moments of keenest sufferings, she looks forward to days of returning happiness; and while the worm is forever preying at the core, and her slender form becomes each day more feeble and attenuate, she has before her a gilded prospect, and the mind and spirits are buoyant with the thought. But when the final struggle has at last commenced, how sublime is the spectacle! To behold the immortal mind so calm, so tranquil, and so triumphant, waxing brighter, while the tenement which contains it is but a poor fleshless skeleton; to behold the eye beaming with undiminished lustre toward the objects of its affection, until the soul at last bursting the charnel vault which has too long confined it, takes one triumphant bound.—Then is the body still and silent. The feather is unruffled by the breath, and the glass retains its polish; for dust has returned to dust again, and the spirit unto God who gave it.—*Knickerbocker.*

JEWELS FROM LEIGHTON.

(Selected for the S. S. Journal from the Commentary on Peter.)

THE USE OF THE FURNACE.—The graces of the spirit, as they come from the hand of God who infuses them, are nothing but pureness; but being put into a heart where sin dwells, (which till the body be dissolved and taken to pieces, cannot be fully purged out,) there they are mixed with corruption and dross: and particularly faith is mixed with unbelief, and love of earthly things, and dependence upon the creature, if not more than God, yet together with him; and for this is the furnace needful, that the soul may be purified from this dross, and made more sublime and spiritual in believing. It is a hard task, and many times comes but slowly forward, to teach the heart, by discourse and speculation, to sit loose from the world at all sides, not to cleave to the best things in it, though we be compassed about with them, *though riches do increase* yet *not to set our hearts on them*, Psal. lxxii. 10, not to trust in such *uncertain things* as they are, as the Apostles speaks, 1 Tim. vi. 17. Therefore God is pleased to choose the more effectual way to teach his own the right and pure exercise of faith, either by withholding or withdrawing those things from them. He makes them relish the sweetness of spitual comfort, by depriving them of those outward comforts whereon they were in most danger to have doated to excess, and so to have forgotten themselves and him. When they are reduced to necessity and experimentally trained up easily to let go their hold on any thing earthly, and to stay themselves upon their rock, this is the very refining of their faith, by those losses and afflictions wherewith they are exercised. They who learn bodily exercises, as fencing, &c., are not taught by sitting still, and hearing rules, or seeing others practice, but they learn by exercising themselves. The way to profit in the art of believing, or of coming to this spiritual activity of faith, is, to be often put to that work in the most difficult way, to make up all wants and losses in God, and to sweeten the bitterest griefs with his loving-kindness.

HON. ROGER M. SHERMAN'S LETTER,

In reply to an invitation requesting his attendance at the late Anti-Slavery Convention at Albany.

FAIRFIELD, June 26, 1839.

GENTLEMEN,

I have received your letter of the 20th instant, inviting me to attend the national anti-slavery covention to be held at Albany, and requesting my views of the subject, if I should be unable to attend.

It is much to be regretted that an object so dear to humanity, and so important to our national honor, as the abolition of slavery in the United States, is not pursued in a manner more conducive to its accomplishment than has hitherto been adopted by the Anti-Slavery Society. I have no reason to doubt the benevolence or integrity of it members; but the maxims of wisdom may be violated by the rashness of virtuous zeal, as really as by the waywardness of a corrupted mind—however differently they may be viewed by the casuist—and sufferings unintentionally inflicted, or prolonged by the errors of a friend, may be as intense as if caused by the maliace of an enemy. That emancipation can never be effected in the slave States but by voluntary enactments of their own legislatures, or by successful resistance on the part of the slaves, is often admitted in your publications, and the latter course you most justly decry. Thus the declaration of the Anti-Slavery Society convened at Philadelphia in December, 1833, in contrasting the revolutionary struggle of our fathers, for national liberty, with that which your society are making in behalf of the slave, expressly says that 'their principles led them to wage war against their oppressors, and to spill human blood like water in order to be free. Ours forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage.'

The same declaration, in regard to the power of the several States, has this language: 'We fully and unanimously recognize the sovereignty of each state to legislate exclusively on the subject of the slavery which is tolerated within its limits.' Both these just opinions are still more forcibly announced in your 'Address to the Public,' of the 3d of September, 1835. Now it is well known that slavery exists only by force of municipal law, and can never be abolished, by those which you all allow to be the only admissible means of its abolition, until those who enact the laws shall *voluntarily* restore to the oppressed negro the liberty to which all man are entitled. How is this to be accomplished? By what means can slave owners be induced to *consent* to the manumission of their slaves? Until that *consent* is obtained, the slave, as you admit, will be held in bondage. Can you discern that any progress has been made toward this most desirable result, by the means which you have hitherto adopted? Do the people of the Southern States manifest a disposition to yield the point, or begin to listen to your persuasions, as if their minds were approximating toward conviction? On the contrary, since the institution of the Anti-Slavery Society, have they not more closely riveted the chains of the unhappy African? Are not the privileges of the slaves for acquiring instruction, and attaining intellectual and moral elevation, much abridged within the last few years? Not long since, the question of gradual emancipation was gravely debated in the Legislatures of some of the principal Southern States.

The philanthropist began to rejoice in the anticipation of measures similar to those which have restored liberty to the colored population of the North. But recently, even among the people of the free States, a spirit has existed, from some cause, against the course adopted by the Anti-Slavery Society, which has manifested keener bitterness, and exhibited more open violence, than were ever before excited in this country, against any efforts for moral reformation. What is the feature in the proceedings of the friends of emancipation which has caused this unprecedented excitement in the free States, and laid in slumber, or excited into violent reaction, the incipient sentiments of liberty which were felt at the South? Our Northern people have ever, with few, if any exceptions, disapproved of slavery.—They have no interest in its continuance. It is wholly abhorrent to the principles which they have been taught to cherish. In the days of our fathers, when it was abolished at the North, every class of the community, except, perhaps, a few of the slave-holders, favored its abolition. No riots or excitements disturbed or threatened the public peace. At the South, many of the most distinguished men concurred in our sentiments, and addresses of unrivalled eloquence were made in favor of emancipation, in the midst of powerful slave-holders. Witness that of the celebrated Pinkney, in Maryland, more than half a century ago. Why is it that the *late* exertions in this holy cause have met, both at the North and South, the most determined, and often the most lawless resistance? And why has open violence been most unjustifiably winked at and tolerated by a great mass of our most respectable citizens, and even by the officers of the law? Either the people of the whole nation have undergone a change of sentiment and character in regard to the great evil of slavery, or the manner of operation has been most unhappily erroneous. As the change of public feeling occurred soon after the commencement of the publications and other proceedings of those who originated the organized anti-slavery associations, I think that change has resulted from those proceedings. The peculiar feature which, as I apprehend, has caused them to defeat their own object, is the *extreme and intemperate zeal* by which they are distinguished. Not only the slave-holders, but the ministers of religion, and all others who do not partake of this characteristic peculiarity, are proscribed and spoken of in language of reproach.

Could it be supposed that a people so high-spirited as the the slave-holders of the South could be cowed into compliance by bitter reproaches? Had Rev. Dr. Edwards, and others who publicly espoused the measures of emancipation adopted in Connecticut soon after the revolutionary war, called slave-holders MAN-STEALERS, in staring capitals, as is done in the declaration of the convention at Philadelphia, which I have before alluded to, would it not have excited, in the Northern Yankee, more of resentment than conviction, and less compliance than opposition? The Southern people have felt, and, to a great degree, justly, that the abolitionists of the North were addressing their understanings or consciences. They have been addressed in terms of opprobrious crimination, rarely softened by the language of respect. This has made them inaccessible; has wrought up a temper which resists conviction or favorable influences, and has, I fear, put off emancipation for at least half a century beyond the period when it might have been effected; and excluded from the slaves those moral and religious influences which were conducive to their present and future good. This manner of addressing the public on these subjects can never result in the good which is honestly intended, but must continue to render less and less hopeful, the great objects of your sincere endeavors. Could a missionary, thus addressing civilized heathen, hope for a favorable audience?

If the whole North were united in the course in which the abolitionists are now pursuing, it would have no tendency to overcome the opposition of the South.—It might dissolve our national Union—which you profess, and I trust with sincerity, to appreciate according to its inestimable worth—but would only aggravate the aversion of the South to a measure which they will never adopt from coercion, unless by a servile insurrection, which your society so pointedly deprecate. I think, too, that the American Anti-Slavery Society is not only aggravating the condition of the slave, and converting his hopes into dark despair, but the free negroes are suffering under the prejudice and party spirit which its intemperance has engendered. Party spirit entrenches the soul, and fortifies both head and heart, against reason and moral influence. That society is also endangering the peace and union of the churches in the United States, by making a participation in their excesses, practically, if not in form, a term of communion. Indeed, there seems to be no interest of primary importance in our country, political or religious, which is not put in jeopardy by the honest men who are embarked in this benevolent, but unwise and disastrous enterprise, as it is now conducted. I respect their motives while I deplore their errors. Humanity, patriotism, and piety long to see their ultimate end accomplished, but weep over the desolation which marks their course.

Your society, gentlemen, embraces many whose names I venerate, and not a few of my personal and highly respected friends. As you requested my sentiments, I could do no less than give them with plainness and sincerity. I trust, although I can not hope for your concurrence, that you will do the same justice to my motives which I have done to yours. If my views of the subject are correct, the convention at Albany can do no good to the slaves or to the country, unless they advise to the abandonment of the errors which hitherto characterized the Anti-Slavery Society.

I am, gentlemen,
With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
ROGER M. SHERMAN.

Rev. JOSHUA LEAVITT,
and H. B. STANTON.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

When quite a small lad I was playing with two boys of about the same age, named Edward and William, when Edward said some word for which William reproved him. Why, said I, there is nothing wrong in that word; I would'nt be afraid to say it before my mother. Yes, said William, but would you dare to say it before God. And you can't say it at all without saying it before him.

You perceive, dear reader, that I have begun to write upon a topic which has been handled thousands of times,—a topic which has been discussed in your presence and forced upon your attention very frequently ever since you were a child. Yet I have little doubt but that you have greatly neglected to reflect upon it and that it has not exerted half that influence over your conduct which due meditation might make it. To reflect that the eye of God is continually upon us and that to him we are accountable for every deed, should make us exceedingly circumspect and ever on the guard to offend him not. O could we but realise the truth that God sees us, could we but keep a sense of his presence continually before us, how changed a life we should then lead. How we restrain ourselves in the presence of a respected friend or parent. How much greater restraint would we place upon our ourselves did we realize the presence of God.

We are very apt to look round upon our neighbor and compare ourselves with them, and if we are as good as the rest of Christians we feel content. If they acknowledge us as worthy of their society we feel safe. But Jesus says many shall strive to enter in at the strait gate and shall not be able. If the many be not saved how shall we be, who are no better than the many. The fact is we are not to conform to the standard of the church nor to the standard of public opinion, but to the standard of Jesus Christ and to the standard required by that God whose eye is continually upon us. Let us endeavor to conform more and more to this standard, and God, who knows our frame and remembers man is dust, will aid us by his spirit and lead us to eternal felicity.

E. N. P.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

These terms are often used in a secondary sense; the former, denoting that power of the soul which *thinks, compares, distinguishes, learns* and *believes*; the latter, that by which it *feels, enjoys* and *suffers, loves* and *hates*. Between these two great departments, there is *an intercourse; a mutual action and sympathy*. When both the head and the heart are in a *healthy* condition, there is harmony in the soul: also, strength and beauty; the best descriptions of moral loveliness and prosperity. If there be health in *one*, but disease in the *other*, a conflict will ensue. A sound head exerts an influence to heal a diseased heart; and reciprocally, a diseased heart exerts an influence to confuse and pervert the head. Likewise, a good heart exerts an influence to rectify the mistakes and confusion of the head. When of the head and the heart, the one is right but the other wrong, there are two chances either that the rectitude of the one will correct the obliquity of the other, or that the obliquity of the latter will vitiate the rectitude of the former. A good heart does sometimes rectify a bad head; and still more frequently does a sound head correct a disordered action of the heart. But when both head and heart are wrong, the disease of the one having taken strong effect upon the other, it is a sad case: Almost or quite, accordingly as the malady has extended and fixed itself, a desperate one. The soul then possesses, in itself, no redeeming power. And such a case, (at least comparatively) is described by the prophet Isaiah, chap. i. 5. 'The whole head is sick, the whole heart, faint.' He speaks of the nation, and employs the language of metaphor: personifies the body politic and religious, which becomes, in his representation, a person, seized with a consumptive and loathsome disease; 'full of wounds, bruises and putrifying sores; the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint.' The sickness of the head manifested itself in the false views and mistaken opinions entertained by their understanding; and that of the heart, in the evil dispositions and feelings indulged and acted out in their conduct. The prophets, Hosea, Amos and Isaiah (who were almost cotemporary) give vivid descriptions of the moral diseases which deformed and tainted the two sister-nations, Judah and Israel: Of their dead formalities, deep hypocricy, gross superstitions, and vile idolatry; of their oppression of the poor and undefended; of their unjust and bloody cruelties; of their reckless neglect of the sufferer, the sick and the public good; of their rage, for luxury and pleasure, for the pomp and frippery of dress, for the various enjoyments of sensuality and pride. All these were so many symptoms of a morbid affection; a deep malady, in the heart and in the head. The people had imbibed false views, and contracted vicious dispositions. The iniquity they acted out, was the fruit of the corruption that lurked within. This corruption, however, was their own work. They were not at liberty to allege; 'We were delivered, fitted and destined to do all these abominations.' The original elements of their heads and hearts, were pure and good. To think and to say otherwise, would be a base libel upon Him who created the world.

But where does the disease commence? Is it in the head or in the heart? Perhaps sometimes in the one and sometimes in the other. It is, manifestly, a spurious doctrine, though, for the past, it have an ancient date, and for the present, a wide extent of prevalence, that the natural man's head is correct, but his heart, wrong; that his understanding is sound, but his disposition totally corrupt. This dogma is as unscriptural as it is unphilosophical; it is as unsupported by facts, as it is repugnant to reason. The natural heart of man approves of equity, compassion, veracity and faithfulness as decidedly as his head distinguishes what is true, useful and good. His heart is as susceptible of gratitude, kindness, generosity, veneration and homage, as his intellect is, of knowledge, faith and right rules of conduct. Both the head and the heart are liable to error: They are naturally fallible, but not corrupt. Having become corrupt, they have lost their primitive and natural character.

All the false maxims, unjust practices, superstitions and vices, that ever vexed human society, have taken their origin, and borrowed their strength, from a disordered state of the soul. Why have multitudes of men paid religious homage to the work of their own hands? Why have they worshipped the host of heavens? Why have they immolated their own tender and beloved offspring on the altars of Moloch and Juggernaut? Why have they made a saving righteousness of dead and worthless ceremonies? Why have they believed that the shedding of blood could remove depravity and guilt? That the waters of baptism could, in any other than a symbolical sense, wash away the stains and the condemnation of sin? Why have they separated right faith from good works, giving to the former an important office—work in a man's justification, but denying it to the latter? In all these, and in a vast multitude of other instances, a mistake has been committed. The head or the heart, or both, have been out of tune. And we are vastly more ready to detect this mistake in others than in ourselves. When the Christian sees the Hindoo bathing himself and his children in the waters of the Ganges for the purpose of obtaining purification from iniquity and guilt, he is struck with a sense of the fallacy of the sentiment which prompted the deed. He commiserates the man's darkness and delusion. But if this Christian attribute the same efficacy to any literal water or to any literal blood, which the Hindoo does to the Ganges, how much advantage has the former over the latter? If the one depend on any thing but true repentance and personal holiness as a medium of the pardon of sin and acceptance with God, is there not as real a mistake in him as in the other? If the Hindoo's head be sick and his heart faint, are not Christians, in a condition as actually though not so deeply, infected? The head is disordered, of every man, who makes any thing a substitute for personal penitence, purity and holiness. That there is no such substitute is the very distinctive of the Christian religion. Men are just what their heads, hearts and lives make them, and God accepts and rewards them accordingly. He, whose heart is upright but his head faulty, may commit sins of ignorance; these however, will not destroy him. He whose head is right, but his heart wrong, if he walk in the way of his heart, has no cloak for his sin. He will be speechless and self condemned at the bar of judgment.

The wise man has said; 'Keep thy heart with all diligence.' The heart, in this passage, may be understood to include the head; the whole moral man. The heart can be kept from disease and restored from it, only by watchfulness and integrity of purpose. Means must be used; pains must be taken; labors must be undergone; sacrifices must be made; vigilance must be maintained; or the soul, constantly acted upon by the influences of the world, will become infected, sickly and dead. And what are the means to be used? They are furnished by 'that glorious Gospel which bringeth salvation, teaching men to deny all ungodliness and to live soberly, righteously and holily in the world.' The doctrine and precepts of Jesus Christ constitute the grand sanative, for the healing of the nations. It is the divinely prescribed catholicon for rectifying the disorders that have seized the head and heart

of man. Whoever studies this prescription, sincerely believes and honestly interprets it; earnestly applying himself to follow out its precepts and truths, will realize its true and sovereign efficacy. He will find its adaptation to human nature, and its competency to supply its need: that it will be a directory amid all his perplexities; a luminary to enlighten the scenes of darkness; a check upon all the extravagances of desire and passion; a stimulus to excite the torpid sensibilities of his moral frame; a subduer of whatever acts with too much strength; a sovereign regulater, producing a happy balance and harmonious action of the soul. The doctrine of Christ, received and obeyed, will make a man, all that he is capable of being made, as to worth, goodness and felicity. It will cure him of all that mars the health and beauty of his soul. It is thus that he is the Savior of men; that his truth makes them free; that his blood cleanses them from all sin; that he, of God, is made to them, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

Hampton Falls. S. F.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—the teachers and pupils of the Sunday school connected with the Congregational Society in West Dedham, are indebted to the Rev. Frederick T. Gray of Boston, for a very interesting discourse delivered by him at a meeting of the school on Thursday, the 12th inst. The pastor and many members of the religious Society, together with those of the Sunday school, having been highly gratified by the service he performed, a small space in your paper is requested, that not only a sense of obligation may thus be expressed, but a belief of the utility of occasional exercises of this kind. They stimulate, as well as encourage teachers and parents, while children may receive valuable and lasting impressions of a moral and religious character. Mr Gray by important and interesting truth, and illustrations happily adapted to enforce it, fixed the attention of all, who were present, both young and old. There was no parade. It was not what is called a 'Celebration.' The children under the superintendence of their teachers assembled in the church at a convenient hour in the afternoon. A very respectable number of persons not connected with the school left their daily employments to unite in the service,—Prayers were offered. A few appropriate hymns were sung by the school, with the kind assistance of several members of the 'choir.' The audience separated to return to their respective occupations, having heard good counsel and an affecting appeal to the heart, which will long be remembered, and, as we have reason to hope, will be followed by happy effects. A new impulse will be felt, and we shall go on with increased vigor and courage in efforts to promote the religious education of the young. V.

Sept. 16th, 1839.

[Correspondence of the Petersburg Intelligencer.]

THE SHAKING QUAKERS.

LEBANON, Aug. 18, 1839.

I left Troy on yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at night, just in season to take a comfortable night's rest and be in time to witness the ceremonies of the worship of the Shaking Quakers. I had heard and read so much of the peculiar doctrines and interesting ceremonials of this singular society, that my curiosity was raised to a high pitch. The village of the Shakers is about two miles from this place. The village is neatly built, and laid out in fine orchards and gardens. The buildings are closely arranged along a street of about one mile in length; all of them are comfortable, and a considerable portion of them are large. The greatest order and neatness are conspicuous in all that pertains to the village. The society owns about three thousand acres of land, and a considerable quantity of personal property. Every thing is possessed by them in common. Their weekly earnings are brought into a common fund, and a regular allowance of provisions are furnished to the families of the village. It seems strange to speak of *families* in a community where marriage is unknown and discountenanced, but still they are arranged in male and female families, each of which is superintended by a person of the appropriate sex.

They are said to be a most orderly and industrious community, generally adhering faithfully to the rules of their order. However praiseworthy they may be in their conduct, and rigid in their observance of the duties inculcated by their creed, there are many strong objections to the principles upon which their sect is founded, and doubtless it will, ere long, meet the fate of the thousand superstitions which have preceded it in the history of fanaticism. Their mode of worship is, in singularity, entirely in keeping with the peculiarities of their religion. Their house of worship is large and commodious, and the place alloted for the *dancing*, about the size of the dining-room at Powell's. One side of the church is occupied by the females, and the opposite side by the males. After sitting some time in perfect silence they all suddenly jumped up, and the males and females (the males having first taken off their coats) approached within a few feet of each other; then they paused for a few minutes, when one of the brethren delivered an exhortation; when he had finished, a hymn was sung, after which the 'ball' was regularly opened, and the *shaking* began. During the dancing the males and females were separated. They danced 'forward and back,' turned round, shuffled and scraped, the men and women singing during the time, at the top of their voices. After dancing a few minutes they stopped to rest, sung a hymn, and then danced again—and so they went on singing and dancing, for about an hour and a half. The effect upon strangers is exceedingly ludicrous, and it was with great difficulty that I could keep my risibles within the bounds of decorum.

There is a well kept house at this place, which—during the summer—is crowded with visitors from all parts of the country, whose only business is to see the Shakers.

UNFEIGNED LOVE.—When after variance men are brought to an agreement, they are much subject to this rather to cover their remaining malices with superficial verbal forgiveness, than to dislodge them, and free the heart of them. This is a poor self-deceit. As the philosopher said to him, who being ashamed that he was espied by him in a tavern in the outer room, withdrew himself to the inner, he called after him, 'That is not the way out; the more you go that way, you will be further in it;' so when hatreds are upon admonition not thrown out but retire inward to hide themselves, they grow deeper and stronger than before; and those constrained semblances of reconcilement are but a false healing, do hut skin the wound over, and therefore, it usually breaks forth worse again.

How few there are that have truly maliceless hearts; and find this entire upright affection towards their brethren meeting them in their whole conversations, this *law of love* deeply impressed on their hearts and from thence expressed in their words and actions, and that is *unfeigned love*, as real to their brethren as to themselves.

PURE LOVE.—The mutual love of Christians must be pure, arising from such causes as are pure and spiritual, from the sense of our Savior's command and of his example; for himself joins that with it, *A new commandment give I you*, saith he, *that as I have loved you, so you also love one another*, John xiii. 34. They that are indeed lovers of God are united, by this their hearts meet in Him as in one centre: they cannot but love one another.—Where a godly man sees his Father's image he is forced to love it; he loves those whom he perceives godly, so as to delight in them, because that image is in them; and those that appear destitute of it, he loves them so as to wish them partakers of that image. And this is all for God; he loves a friend in God, and an enemy for God. And as the Christian's love is pure in its cause, so in its effects and exercise. His society and converse with any tends mainly to the knowledge and love of God; he desires most that he and his brethren may jointly mind their journey heavenwards, and further one another in their way to the full enjoyment of God. And this is truly the love of a pure heart, which both begins and ends with God.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Sir,—I suppose it is allowable for men to differ in opinion and to express that opinion, especially among a class of Christians who have no stakes set, or lines drawn, by which to measure their neighbors. Acting upon this supposition I have hastily thrown together the ideas suggested, by reading an editorial article upon Dr. Todd's 'Truth Made Simple.' Of this work I say nothing.—I have not read it; but from the admitted reputation of the author, and some of his lectures to children, in which I have considered his illustrations as particularly happy, I cannot but believe that much good will result to that class of readers for which it was intended, although you have lost all confidence in his judgement.—The Dr. may be false in his philosophy and inaccurate in his language, but that a treatise upon 'Theology for children, implies a disregard for common sense that must be fatal to any one, I cannot conceive.—If the Calvinist should inform us that children were so totally depraved that they possessed no moral powers or moral perception, it might follow that no book however well written could benefit them:—and, to attempt it, would be to embark upon a hazardous enterprise:—but with the idea of perfectibility in children, if the character of God has been written in their faces in legible lines, if with their earliest breath they inhale their elements of moral duty; it is entirely inconsistent to talk of the incapacity of children to learn of God, of holiness and of truth. What is a system of theology for children? Merely the science of the being and attributes of God, his relation to us, the dispensations of his providence, his will respecting us, and the great object of our existence.—By theology for children, we are not to suppose that it must be systematic theology in all its parts and bearings although it may not be devoid of system entirely;—nor Polemic Theology, although every controverted doctrine may not be omitted, but theology, which teaches of God, and divine things, made plain to the capacity of children by familiar illustrations,—nor can I conceive that a faithful pastor can heed the command 'feed my lambs' unless he brings home to the soul the substantial elements of love, duty, and principles of right action.—Now how shall the child love unless he is taught to love some real object?—What is the religion of feeling, and affection, when divested of an object upon which to rest? And in proportion as this object is made clear, in the same proportion is that feeling and affection real and influential.—It has been said that 'a want of faith is the reason why religion is now so feebly developed'—probably it is so,—and the same indistinct, indefinable phantom which occupied the mind in childhood, has continued to haunt the imagination and flit before the mind's eye ever since, and thus dimmed the perception of spiritual truth even in manhood. The command of Jesus 'feed my lambs' requires the pastor to provide a more substantial aliment than this—it demands theology, which, by modes of illustration, and reasoning adapted to the capacity of children will bring home to the mind the certainty of God's existence with such a power, as to influence the life and conduct.

If Dr. Todd has been unphilosophical and ungrammatical; if Jacob Abbot has fallen from the proud eminence, to which he had ascended by unwarrantable dogmatism, let their books be discarded upon their demerits by those who think differently; but let not the object of a definite religious education of the young be abandoned for the empty husk of affection and feeling without a *real object* to love; or a real being to adore—Let those who discard *mysteries* in *religion* be the last to envelope the young mind in the fogs of indefinable and transcendental impressions; rather like Timothy let them obey 'the scriptures from a child,' which is able to make them wise unto salvation. R.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

DEDICATION AT DOVER, MASS.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 18th, the new church, recently erected by the first Parish in Dover, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God. A large concourse of people from that and the neighboring towns were present at the interesting ceremony. The services of the occasion were introduced by an anthem from a well selected choir. The Introductory Prayer was by the Rev. Mr Clark of Sherburne. Selections of Scripture, brief and exceedingly appropriate, were read by the Rev. Mr White of Dedham. Sermon by the Pastor, Rev. Mr Sanger, from Psalms 93, 5. 'Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, forever.' Dedicatory Prayer by the Rev. Mr Ritchie of Needham. Concluding Prayer by the Rev Mr Robinson of Medfield.

Seldom has it been our good fortune to be present on a more interesting or edifying occasion. During the past winter this small but ancient and respectable Society were called to the trial, severe as it seemed then, of having their former spacious and costly church entirely consumed by fire. By the ready sympathies and contribution of some of their sister churches they were encouraged to make strenuous exertions to rebuild their temple,—and their exertions have been crowned with signal success. It is not easy for any larger societies fully to appreciate the difficulties, under which the smaller ones, in such circumstances may labor. Honor to their commendable efforts and Christian zeal.

The devotional services of the Dedication were simple, apostolical and appropriate. The sermon by the Pastor was strictly dedicatory, and to our minds, all the better for that. It had no far-fetched subject to be elaborately unravelled, gratifying perhaps to itching ears, but not very promotive of the graces of the heart. It set forth in beautiful simplicity and Godly sincerity the nature and the manifestation of that holiness, which becometh the Lord's house,—peculiarly becoming to the Christian worshipper. It briefly illustrated the connection between holiness of life and that true Christian independence and inquiring spirit, both of which were manifested in the life and preaching of Robinson and the Puritan Fathers of New England, and with a grateful recollection of those, who had sympathized with him and his flock in their adversity,—with some touching allusions to the feelings of his people, particularly the elder part who hopefully watched the building and with some natural tears saw the depressing ruins of the former house,—the preacher threw over his discourse the inexpressible charm of a warm and affectionate interest in the best good of his society, the spirit of a true hearted and Christian devotedness, which went directly to the hearts of his hearers and made us feel that it was good for us to be there.

The church is neat and commodious, suited to the taste and demands of the times, and well worthy to take its place among those pleasant objects which greet the eyes of the traveller through the New England Villages. It is carpeted throughout, a real comfort, and perhaps as much aiding in a quiet and devotional frame of mind as anything, among the modern improvements of churches.—And touching the Pulpit, we have this word to say, that for simplicity and beauty we have not as yet seen its equal. It is of mahogany, and to us entirely original in its structure. Why, when for the paltry sum of fifty five dollars, the cost of this, they may have such a beautiful and comfortable Pulpit, will so many of our churches be cumbered with the odious things they have? When shall we be done with those old towers, as far above the heads of the people as some of the cold theology of the past was above their wants and sympathies—things midway between earth and heaven?

We congratulate this society and their Pastor on their present happy condition, their union and promising prospects. It speaks well for both that, in a day of many enstrangements, they have already entered upon the 2nd quarter of a century of their Pastor's labors. We feel sure that the dark day of their discouragement has wrought out for them many blessings already—binding them more closely together, making them more devoted to the Christian cause—more likely to grow in the Christian graces and virtues. We may thrive by our afflictions as the willow by the waters. May there be more good for them in the future. Long may they experience how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Long may their Pastor rejoice with them in the success of the truth he labors to preach.

The following original Hymn, written we believe by the Pastor, was sung on the occasion.

HYMN.

O God, the builder of the skies,
To Thee let grateful homage rise;
Let every tongue with joy confess
The wonders of thy love and grace.

Thy Providence, how dark it seemed,
When the dread fire devouring gleamed,
When quick the all-consuming flame
Brought low our consecrated lane.

Yet Thou art love; Thou, Lord, art kind,
This visitation Thou designed
To work some higher good; and hence
We'll firmly trust thy Providence.

To Thee, another church we've reared,
Who hast our lives so kindly spared;
Great God! this temple ever bless,
And crown it with thy righteousness.

Here let thy servants, Lord, proclaim
The sacred truth in Jesus' name;
May truth, and love, and every grace
Forever flourish in this place.

When time with us shall cease to be,
Then take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee;
And in thy holy courts above
To chant eternal songs of love.

For the Register and Observer.

LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

May 29th, 1839.

My Beloved Louisa,—It is not alone with the customary congratulations, and compliments, on your marriage, that I hasten to greet you; the very deep, and untiring interest I feel for every thing connected with you, and your beloved family, and my anxiety for your happiness in this new tie, induces me to offer you something which, at the close of a usefully long life, I trust you may have proved, to have conduced, in some degree to its happiness. And, indeed, when I but for a moment think of the many links in the chain of affection, which bind me to you, and you, I trust, to me; I cannot satisfy myself with sending you merely the fashionable compliments of the day, and which every lady, on her marriage, receives.

This new, and deeply interesting tie, has not introduced you, my dear Louisa, to a life of mental and physical indolence; on the contrary, it has introduced you to a life of mental and physical industry in the highest degree; in which every energy and resource of the mind will be called into active and never-ceasing operation; in which your previously acquired knowledge must be actively conducive, in promoting the comfort and happiness of that dear being, to whom you have given your young heart, and your youthful vows, at the holy altar of your God. I have said, dear Louisa, that there are two kinds of industry which this new tie calls into action—they are twin-sisters, and so closely do they attach themselves to their possessor, that no earthly power can either separate them from each other, or detach them from him. Mental industry, and physical indolence, and the reverse, are, I should think, but rarely to be met with in persons who have any just pretensions to education and refinement; and, if ever unfortunately existing together in any one such individual, must certainly promote not his happiness and respectability. Yes, dear Louisa, be intellectually, and physically industrious; each, will operate in each, and from their mutual cultivation, derive mutual benefit. The industry of the mind will quicken the step, and expedite the fingers, in the discharge of the many duties which must devolve upon you for their performance; for, whatever number of assistants your circumstances might justify you to employ, still, there would be plans, arrangements, management and economy, in the multifarious departments of household duties, in which you ought to be alone: and this physical industry will repay the debt largely, ay, with the most usurious interest: how will the mind be strengthened, expanded, and be perpetually stirring itself with new and beautiful ideas—the rich harvest of a mind strengthened by physical industry,—giving grace, and heart to your language; and making your soul the new abode of the beautiful, and lovely; rendering you more and more worthy of the love, and esteem, of the wise and virtuous.

There is one for whose love you can never return too rich a reward, one, who has chosen you out of the world as the only being he could love, and cherish; he had seen others, others he might have chosen, and successfully; but he chose you; to you he paid the highest compliment in his power, (as it has been termed by those, to whose judgment I bow) that of selecting you for his wife. It was a far higher compliment than those paid to beauty, accomplishments, talent, alone: for those are generally paid without one wish to call the possessor by the endearing name of wife; there is some charm wanting yet: that charm he saw in you; whatever it was that first attracted his affections to you, cultivate that attraction, aim at its improvement, render yourself by your continual progression in every thing that is amiable, and lovely, more and more worthy of his increasing love, and esteem. Spare, I entreat you, no pains in the continued cultivation of your mind, not only by the reading of useful and instructive books, but equally so, by reflection and study. Thus you will become to your husband his most delightful companion, precluding all wishes on his part to seek in other society those means of improvement which will prevent his cultivated mind from gathering the rust, which must collect, more or less, around the most cultivated minds when there is no one to aid in the exercise. 'Iron sharpeneth iron, so does a man's countenance that of his friend.'

In every thing in which your husband is interested, be you equally interested; never exhibit to him a yawning, listless countenance whenever he may wish to interest you in any thing he deems worthy of your attention; show him, by the lively eye, beaming with affection, and the animated countenance, the deep interest you feel in him, and in every thing connected with him. Be ever ready, and always watchful to pay him those delicate attentions, (unpretending, unobtrusive, and so gentle) which will so sweeten the cup you will now drink of together. Never let him see on your brow aught but serenity. Carry no annoyances you may receive from your domestics to him; do not vex, nor trouble him with such details; he will have sufficient care and anxiety in the discharge of the duties of his laborious profession, and the responsibility attending it. Let him ever see in his home as perfect a 'Paradise' as there can be on this earth. Gather around your fireside, your home, those graces, those elegancies (and true grace, true elegance, are not costly; for they are some of the first fruits of a cultivated mind, and are the external symptoms of its richness) which give charms to the humblest hearth: and require no splendid establishment for their present display. Education may, and does exist without riches, so may grace and elegance. Gather from the rich treasures of every cultivated mind with whom you may associate, every thing that can enrich your own;—the more richly your mind is endowed, the richer will be the portion of love you bring to your husband. Whatever you may see defective in your own character, seriously, and unwaveringly strive to reform; and, that this may be effectually performed, study yourself; it may be difficult, but do not call it a task, and think it useless, and irksome; believe me, if you conscientiously pursue this study, and profit by it; it will make your passage through life a more thornless one; your dear home, a dearer, happier home; and raise you in the scale, the ever-enlarging scale of moral, and intellectual wisdom. Can you find a more useful employment for a few minutes at the close of each day, than to think over its events, as concerning yourself? How you have that day performed your part, of what inconsistencies you have been guilty, what follies; whether you have indulged improper feelings towards any one, such as anger, unkindness, want of charity,—that is so beautifully said, to hope all things? whether from principle you have acted right: and do not spare yourself; be a rigorous censor of yourself; do not suffer yourself to be deceived by a self-love that will, perhaps, hardly allow you to acknowledge even to your own heart, that you have not acted right: compel yourself to admit the truth; then, correct that which is wrong, and the right principles you may find in any part of your character, diligently cultivate: you know, my dear Louisa, to whom to pray for aid, and support, in these amiable, and praiseworthy endeavors.

Again, I say, cultivate your mind—even more diligently than before you were a wife, cultivate every thing which can render you lovelier, and more amiable to your husband; that he may say, with truth, after many years of wedded love, 'How much dearer is the wife, than the bride.' Do not you wish, my dear Louisa, that the esteem and admiration of your husband should increase, as years add themselves to the now days of your union? Could you now endure the thought that ten, twenty, or thirty years hence, his sentiments towards you would be changed? that years, instead of increasing his attachment—should decrease it? you would not, did you feel assured that that was the case enjoy your present happiness. Very much, believe me, of your mutual happiness depends on you; on the exertions you may make to improve in every thing that is lovely and desirable in your sex. You are the first of your sisters, and of a circle of young friends, who have entered into that endearing relation—the first to be called by the sacred name of wife; show your young friends by your example, what a blessing a wife can be to her husband,—that in her selfishness finds no home; that her love to him admits no thoughts of self to intrude its hideous countenance to war against his comfort; that her untiring eye of love neither slumbereth, nor sleepeth, and is ever watching over *him* for good; ever inventing something to increase his happiness and comfort. Who can tell, my dear Louisa, how many families, through your example, may be formed on a happier plan, sustaining the happiness of families yet to be formed.

(*To be Concluded.*)

MR. HUNTINGTON'S LETTERS.

(*Continued.*)

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Saint Louis, August 5, 1839.

Dear Sir,—Having reached the point of time, to which I consented to defer my visit to New England when brother Eliot left, I now bid his people farewell, and take my departure by the first opportunity for Chicago, where I am to preach next Sabbath. So many of Mr. E's society visit the Eastern states this summer, that our congregations have necessarily been somewhat thinner than at other seasons; but those who remain here, have attended church with a very commendable regularity; and while I take my leave of them with feelings of gratitude and regret, I wish to bear my testimony to the excellent spirit which they generally manifest in building up their church, the generous enthusiasm with which they sustain their pastor, and the untiring, unsparing, self sacrificing zeal with which he has so successfully labored, in bringing up his society to its present elevated and prosperous condition. He is the worthy leader of most worthy followers. He could not have built up such a church within so short a time, had he not been backed by such men—a noble phalanx of young men not altogether of New England origin either; for Kentucky has her noble representatives there as well as Massachusetts; and it is wonderful to behold *hote* young men, who at home where they nestled and grew up were never at all remarkable for their interest in keeping up religious institutions, when they find themselves far away from the ancient temples of their forefathers, and in danger of being swept away by the fierce current of worldliness, will of their own accord buckle on the Christian harness, and rush forward to 'the help of the Lord,' against the banded hosts of worldlings and skeptics. 'This immorality,' they say to themselves, 'this disregard to the Sabbath and religious order will not do. Society itself will go to pieces, if Christianity is not maintained. The religion of Jesus is the only thing that can save us. Let us make a profession of it, and recommend it to our fellows by our personal example.' No sooner said, than they put on the panoply of the Gospel, and begin to do battle for 'the faith once delivered to the saints.'

I heartily wish that the resources of this church were equal to their spirit. They are fired with a generous ambition to make their church the purest in doctrine, the most beneficent in action, the most powerful in Christian effect, to be found in the Mississippi valley. As they think they have the best minister in the world, so they want the largest church and the most imposing worship. Their enthusiasm is truly noble; and if it were only equalled by their means, you would see something at Saint Louis worthy of Unitarianism and worthy of the West. They are planning now to sell their church, and build another about twice as large. There is no doubt that it would soon be filled; for Mr Eliot is unboundedly popular, even out of his own society. Nobody can hear him preach *once*, but they are bewitched to hear him again, and again; and then, nothing will do but they must join his society, so as to have *him* for their pastor. The Presbyterians happen to hear him once, and they say,—'Why, Unitarianism is not what we thought it to be; this is the Bible; this is sound doctrine; this is just what I always believed and felt myself.' Then they are fascinated with his earnest, affectionate, winning manner; and before they are aware, they have lost their attachment to their own church; they feel that they can get *more good to their souls* under Mr E's. preaching than any where else; and why should they not go over to his church. It is the same with the Methodists. Many of these do not like the noisy, ranting, vacant style of too many of their own preachers; and they become disgusted with the puerile machinery, the cant, and the revival or camp-meeting extravagances of their denomination. They say,—'Religion ought to be calm, rational, uniform, practical. We have churches, or at least school-houses, let us worship in them, and not in tents, where our wives and daughters endanger their health and lives. We are willing to give our ministers a liberal salary, so as to receive his undivided attention.' So with Episcopalians. They cannot understand the doctrine of the Trinity. They hear Mr E. preach upon it. It appears unscriptural, absurd, useless, and worse than useless. But the Common Prayer is full of this doctrine. They are unable to stop till they have laid it aside, and come to kneel at the altar of Mr E.'s church; and I do not see where the thing will stop, if his life is spared, and his people succeed in getting a larger church. But his labors are so unremitting that he is fast wearing himself out. Hence, another part of his people's plan is, to procure for him a colleague; which both he and they believe would be better than to have two Unitarian churches. So much jealousy does his popularity excite, that considerable management was once made use of, to prevent him from giving a certain public address, lest the people of other religious societies should thereby find their curiosity excited to hear him preach. I wish some of your wealthy Unitarians at the East could place a loan of ten thousand dollars at the disposal of this society for a year or two. They would certainly give a good account of it.

One subject of kindred interest I must touch upon before I close this letter; namely, a Western agency of the American Unitarian Association, particularly for the relief of our clergy here, who are in charge of churches. So remote from one another are these, that exchanges between their pastors are inconvenient, and indeed almost impracticable, from their expensiveness, as well as from the amount of time consumed by them, in going and returning. This will be obvious to any one that casts his eye on the map. Such are the customs of society in the West, that a minister must visit much; and by consequence he can study but little. Building up new churches, too, is an arduous and almost infinite labor. There is no stopping-place, till life has ebbed away. Hence, our ministry there are liable to be prematurely worn out. I know *one*, at least, whose valuable life will inevitably be soon sacrificed, if he is not permanently relieved. This may be effected, by appointing a suitable agent or missionary, to visit Cincinnati, Louisville and Saint Louis in rotation, so as to release the resident clergy for a few Sabbaths at a time, to jaunt about their neighborhoods as missionaries, or ministers at large.—You shall hear from me again at Peoria. Adieu.

W. P. H.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 28, 1839.

WHAT IS SIN?

Professor Stuart has published, in the Biblical Repository, two long articles on this question. We heard them spoken of with much interest by some of his friends. They were recommended to our attention and we obtained them. At first we threw them aside, thinking it would be a wicked waste of time to employ it, in determining what sin is: some thousand years since the world has been filled with it, eighteen centuries since Christ died to destroy it. Besides, we are somewhat conscious of its nature every day, and supposed one sinner might know nearly as much about the matter as another, however inferior in certain other kinds of erudition. And if a thorough searching into our own heart could not satisfy our curiosity, we are so circumstanced in the midst of a perverse generation that we have abundant opportunities of observing its operations and results. These considerations kept us sometime from perusing the articles. But finally, we imagined they might interest if they did not enlighten us. So we began and went through them with a variety of emotions.

First we felt profoundly grateful to the Father of Lights that he had led us safely *through* that barren wilderness in which so many of our brethren are wandering, stumbling and struggling. Our free paths, are paths of peace, theirs of contention—ours of light and joy, theirs involved in flitting shadows and beset with painful uncertainties—ours lead through green pastures, theirs through hot deserts. They can as yet only catch feeble glimpses of the sun of Righteousness through storm-clouds. But we rejoice to believe they are making some progress. We bid you good speed, friends. Go on. You will soon get in sight of the promised land. Call upon your watchmen to tell you of the night. If we mistake not, the day dawns—its glad light is pouring upon the mountains. It will soon, we trust, descend into valleys—soon we hope you will pass over Jordan, and the frowning walls of Calvinism, at the sound of trumpets, will fall forever. Metaphysics and Christianity! What have they in common? They are as far apart as the east is from the west. Read a chapter of St. John, and then one of modern theology. It is falling from heaven—from *regions* where all is free, beautiful, magnificent, beneficent upon places where all is confined, severe, oppressive, gloomy. The teachings of Christ, and the speculations of Calvin! What have they in common? We might as well ask what communion hath Christ with Belial? There is a great gulph between them. They are as opposite as midnight and noonday. But simplicity and plainness will not do. People seek after wisdom, something inexplicable and profound. O when will Jesus come in his glory and consume this wood, hay and stubble. Come, Lord Jesus. Come quickly. The spirit and the bride say, come. Long enough have thy divine power and truth been kept in bonds of man's devising. Give them free course and show us thy salvation.

Professor Stuart arrives at the conclusion that sin is what every man, woman and child has ever supposed it to be—Viz. a wilful transgression of a known law. He is not at all times definite and consistent. Still we are satisfied he is not far from the truth. He is on the way that cannot fail to conduct him to its temple. He thinks our nature received severe damage in consequence of Adam's transgression. But what reason have we to believe that his virtuous impulses and tendencies were any stronger than those in the bosom of every man? Consider the case. He had talked with his Maker—had heard directly addressed to him, the command and the awful consequences of its violation—was free from the thousand powerful, evil influences and temptations to which we are exposed—walking amid the cool bowers of that God-built paradise—conversing with angels—inhaling divinity with every breath; and yet he sinned. It appears to us that he was extremely weak. Can we be mistaken in supposing that there are few, moderately good men, now on earth, who would not have done better in his circumstances? But let this be as it may—the stronger the holy tendencies you ascribe to him, the stronger must have been the wicked energy by which he resisted and overcame them. The greater the power of virtue with which he was endowed, the greater must have been the sinful power by which he trampled it down. If he had more that is good, he also had more that is bad than we have. His nature was more powerful in both tendencies. But we are far from denying, that our moral nature is susceptible of deterioration. We know no reason why it should not be as much so as our physical or intellectual nature. We think history proves that it has been so. In this way sin may be transmitted. Children may thus enter life with some of the better sentiments and tendencies impaired, and some of the worst increased and inflamed. Our nature also, through successive generations, may be much improved and elevated. And we delight to look forward to the time, when

our descendants will appear far more worthy to be called the sons of God. And if the operation of this law, by which the race is bound with indissoluble links, is what is meant by original sin, we shall make no objection.

In many places professor Stewart reasons on the subject precisely as Unitarian writers have and been sharply rebuked for so doing. It must be confessed there are strange changes in this changeable world, and wise men sometimes find themselves in most embarassing positions. Dr. Dana has answered the learned professor calmly and very severely. An essential doctrine is assailed! The corner stone of the temple is assaulted! The alarm is sounded! The church is warned aginst insidious foes. She must seize her terrible armor. This is too miserable. The old scare-cry must be awakened—the same that has sounded forth so loudly and fiercely from the hills of Andover. But the ghost of departed bigotry and superstition is powerless. The professor is in no danger, we apprehend. And from our own experience we can assure him that though the sound is as of rushing mighty waters, no lasting harm will be done. With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again. When will theologians learn the folly, wickedness, madness of setting up peculiar opinions as *essential*? We know not—but till they do, there is no peace for Zion. We will now let the learned professor speak for himself.

Many of our Brethren call the native state of man *sinful*, and speak familiary of *original sin*. Now if what they mean is this, viz., that man's native state is such, that it will certainly lead to actual sin, and lead to nothing but sin in all his moral acts until he is renewed, then there is no difference between my views and theirs, as to any thing which is important. In such a sense I acknowledge and fully believe, that man has a native disposition, taste, or inclination to sin, or whatever else one may please to call it. But I do not believe in the expediency or propriety of making *two sorts of sin* or even *three*, viz., imputed sin, inherent sin, and actual sin. *Sin is a transgression of law.* It is better to accept this definition and to abide by it. But if we prefer to say, that sinful disposition, taste, bias, or inclination, is such a susceptibility as to the enticements of sin, as will lead us to the commission of actual sin, when the e shall be sufficient maturity to commit it, I object not at all to the *thing*, for I fully believe it to be true. The only objection, moreover, which I have to the *language* is, that it is adapted to mislead, and to make men believe, that sin consists in our susceptibilities, and not in voluntary affection or action.

How can we maintain with any proper consistency and regard to the real nature of man and the character of God, that our native susceptibilities are *sins*? Or that all susceptibility to impression by enticements to sin, is itself a sin? We cannot do this, with any consistency. Adam had at first a susceptibility to impression from sinful enticing objects; else he had never felt the enticing power of them, nor sinned, nor fallen. He had this susceptibility even in his original state of primeval innocence. How then can such a susceptibility be called of itself a *sin*?

The fallen angels had the same susceptibility, in their originally pure and holy state; otherwise they had never felt the power of enticement to sin, and never would have fallen.

With the deepest reverence I say it, the Lord Jesus Christ himself had a susceptibility of feeling the power of enticement to sin; like to that which Adam had before his fall. If not, then he did not *really* and truly take on him a human nature. The fact that such a susceptibility belonged to Adam in his primitive state, shows that it belongs to human nature in its perfect probationary state. The blessed Savior then might have had it—he did and must have it—in order to be truly *man*. If not, how could he be tempted to sin? Above all—how could he be 'tempted in all points as we are?'

Indeed, can we conceive of a nature truly human, without such a susceptibility? But if Adam in his original state had a measure of this susceptibility; if the Savior himself, as possessing our nature, had a measure of this; how are we going to make out a susceptibility of this kind to be in itself *sin*? Was Adam a *sinner* before his fall? Is he 'who knew no sin,' to be reputed a sinner, because he could feel the power of enticement to sin? These questions do not need a specific answer.

Why then should we not be consistent here in theologizing? That which Adam possessed as a constituent of his very nature before his fall; that which the Savior himself possessed when he was 'tempted in all points as we are,' should not be called sin. How can we deem, it safe discreet and proper thus to employ language? And if it is not, then why should the same thing be called *sin* in infants, at the present time? I grant that the *proportion* of this susceptibility is very different from that which was in Adam and in the Savior. In the latter, the susceptibilities of impression or of excitement to action, from objects *good* and *holy*, were altogether predominant; in mankind since the fall, and in their unrenewed state, they are just the reverse. But because an infant has, as we will suppose for the sake of illustration, ten degrees of the susceptibility in question, and Adam had only two or one degree in his original state, this does not authorize us to conclude, that the thing itself, viz. the susceptibility, is of a nature different in the one case from what it is in the other. Actual sinners of all gradations exist among us, from one degree, we may say, up to one thousand; but he who belongs to the lowest gradation, is still a sinner as really and truly as he that belongs to the highest gradation, although not in the same measure or degree.

That thing, then, in the Savior and in Adam, which was *not* sin, when existing in one degree, is not sin when existing in ten degrees or more at the present day, in all of our race, while in their native state or condition.

It will doubtless be asked here: What then, is there not such a thing as *sinful* disposition, bias, taste, inclination, in men? Are we to abandon all expressions of this sort, so long established by usage, and the common sense of mankind?

Not at all to abandon them, is my reply. Whenever a disposition, bias, inclination, propensity, or whatever of this nature one may please to name it, is spoken of as being *sinful*, the phraseology evidently may have two different meanings. In the one case, if by the phraseology in question we mean to designate the bias, or inclination, or propensity to evil, which men have created for themselves by practically indulging in sin, then these words may be taken in their natural and proper sense. It is a known law of our being that the indulgence of forbidden desires and practices strengthens our propensity to evil. The man who is guilty of such indulgence, is truly and properly a sinner because of his strengthened *propensities* to evil. All which he has done to augment these propensities, has been voluntary transgression of God's law; and for these propensities, as thus augmented or aggravated, he is altogether accountable as a sinner. They are not only the evidence of his sin, but, in as much as he has made them strong and imperious, so far as they have been augmented and made to become imperious by him, they are themselves *sinful*, because they have been strengthened by voluntary sinful indulgence.

But there is another sense which may be given, and has not unfrequently been given to the phrase sinful disposition, bias, inclination, taste etc. It has been applied to characterize the original susceptibilities, belonging to our nature, of being impressed by enticements to sin. In such a case, can any thing more be properly meant by this phraseology, than that these susceptibilities are adapted to lead or excite us to sin? If We do mean more, and if we insist upon it, that in their original state, before voluntary action, these are actually sin, then several consequences must follow from this which are of serious import, and which are entitled to sober consideration.

(1) Our *native* susceptibilities, taste, disposition, or whatever name is given to these as a designation, are not the result of any thought, design, voluntary action, or influence of any kind put forth or exerted by ourselves. We are in no sense the proper authors of them.

(2) God is our Maker. The laws of our nature have been arranged solely by him. He is the ultimate author of our being, of the whole of it with all its faculties, endowments, attributes, properties, or propensities, as it exists before any voluntary action on our part.

These two positions do not need proof, To state them, is sufficiently to demonstrate them; therefore.

(3) If our native propensities are themselves a sin, then the conclusion seems to be plain and inevitable, that God is the author of sin; not merely that he has made beings who can commit sin, but that he has made beings, a part of whose very nature, as its comes from his hands, is sin. I am unable to see how this conclusion can be fairly avoided by any, who maintain that our original susceptibilities or propensities are themselves, and in their very nature, sin.

On this account, as I am unwilling to plunge into the yawning gulf which is laid open by such a process of thought, I hope I shall be forgiven by those who advocate the old form of the doctrine of original sin, if I am earnest in asking: Why should we maintain a form of doctrines, or defend modes of expression, when the legitimate and logical consequence that flows from them is, the conclusion that God is the author of sin? I wish it to be noted here, that I do not charge this last position to the actual account of the advocates in this question; for they disclaim it. I only say that the deduction which I have made from the premises in question, seems to me to be fairly made, and in the way of simple ratiocination to be quite undeniable.

That God has made beings who can sin and do sin, is certainly true. He made angels of light, who did sin; he made the original parents of our race, who do sin; he makes us, also, who do sin. Free agents, in a state of probation, must have a power to sin; else they are not free agents in a state of probation. Probation means trial; and trial without the power or the possibility of sinning, would seem to be a mere empty name without meaning.

CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

It is known to our readers that the Methodists are making extensive and commendable preparations to celebrate the close of the first century of their existence. They are collecting, by means of contributions throughout the denomination, large funds, which are to be appropriated, we believe, chiefly to the education and support of the children and widows of deceased ministers. We may say, universally, they appear to give freely and liberally. A generous enthusiasm pervades their ranks and reaches to the humblest and poorest. Each imparts, and seems to do it gladly, according to his means. This is exceedingly well. Its contemplation excites pleasing, beautiful and profound emotions. What could be better, more appropriate? To celebrate their rise, progress, the protection and favor of God towards them, they give, men, women and children, to relieve, comfort, and support the helpless, deserving and destitute among them. Among the various benevolent enterprises of the day no one pleases us more. Peace and joy will thus be carried to thousands of desolate bosoms. Saints and angels, if they ever direct their regards and sympathies towards earth, must rejoice over works like these. The cross shines forth here in its beneficent power and the Son of man comes in his glory. But still it is nothing more than what justice demands. The fathers and husbands, of many of these children and widows, brought themselves to premature graves by incessant and ill paid labors. They had nothing to leave those dear ones but their blessing, their trust in providence and the inheritance of a good name. Is it not just then that some provision should be made for them? The methodists deserve much gratitude and respect. Their pious and persevering efforts in England and our own country have been productive of good and vast results. They can act more efficiently, through large portions of our country than any other sect. We know no reason to doubt that they are alive to their duty. As patriots and Christians we thank them. Their reward is already great. Thinking it may please our readers to see how they do things, we subjoin the following.

(From Zion's Herald.)

CENTENARY MEETINGS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS IN ENGLAND.

Our English brethren commenced their Centenary meetings six or eight months since. All the sums which are contributed, are published in the London Watchman. This paper of February 6, contains twelve columns in fine type, of acknowledgements, which vary from one shilling (22 cents) up to £525, ($2,331), and this is the twelfth list which has been published. We think our readers will be pleased to see some of these acknowledgements. A great many appear in the order of families, first the parents and then the children, as follows.

Mr Bode,	- -	£1 1 0
Mrs Bode,	- -	1 1 0
Mr Joshua Bode,	- -	10 6
Miss Bode	- -	10 6
Master James Bode,	- -	10 6
Miss Maria Bode,	- -	10 6
Master Robert Bode,	- -	10 6
Miss Amelia Bode,	- -	10 6
Miss Olivia Bode,	- -	10 6
Master Gustavus Bode,	- -	10 6
Miss Louisa Bode,	- -	10 6
Miss Hannah Bode,	- -	10 6
		£7 7 6
Mr James Dove,	- -	£7 7
Mrs Dove,	- -	7 7
Miss E. E. Dove,	- -	1 1
Miss J. R. Dove,	- -	1 1
Master Thomas Dove,	- -	1 1
Miss Mary Dove,	- -	1 1
Master James Dove,	- -	1 1
		£21 1

Many of the contributions are made in memory of some living or departed friend, or to commemorate some event. For instance—

In memory of an infant, deceased,		10 6
In memory of a deceased brother,	£1	0 0
Mr James Dennis, in token of gratitude to God for permitting him to see his children's children engaged in support of Methodism,	3	3 0
Miss E. Kerry, in memory of a beloved brother,		2 6
Mr George Stuck, in memory of a beloved wife,	1	1 0
'Less than the Least,'		10 0
An humble offering to the Lord of all, from members of the Church of England, in grateful remembrance of the spiritual blessing derived to their Church and the country, from the establishment of Wesleyan Methodism,—By Dr Hannah,	5	0 0
In memory of a dear grandmother, who through the means of Wesleyan Methodism in the island of Barbadoes, was converted and went triumphantly to glory, X. Y. Z.	20	0 0
'The best of all is, God is with us,'	1	1 0
'A drop returned to the fountain,'	2	0 0
Three poor children in memory of their parents,	1	0 0

THE TRIAL OF JESUS.

This is the title of an exceedingly interesting little work. It was written by a distinguished French lawyer. A learned Jew had stated that the trial of our Savior was perfectly legal in its whole proceedure. This writer most triumphantly disproves the assertion, and shows that it was a violation of every established usage and maxim applicable to such cases. We heartily commend it to the attention of our readers. Every thing that throws the least new light over that most affecting and appalling transaction is valuable to every Christian.

INSTALLATION AT SANDWICH.

We have expected to receive some account of this interesting event. We understand the services generally, and the sermon in particular, are deserving especial notice. Will not some one, who was present on the occasion, send us an account, such as we want and will satisfy our readers.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Auxiliary Associations have been formed in the following places.

Berlin, Jonathan D. Meriam, Agent.
South Bridgewater, A. Hale, Esq., Agent.
Marshfield, Rev. Geo. Leonard, Agent.
Eastport, Me., Benjamin Williams, Esq., Agent.
Calais, Me., Mr Spencer Tinkham, Agent.
Ellsworth, Me., Joseph A. Wood, Esq., Agent.
Bangor, Me., Mr F. M. Sabine, Agent.
Topsham, Me., Mr John S. Cushing, Agent.
Leominster, Mr Henry Allen, Agent.
Fall River, Mr Otis Lincoln, Agent.
West Bridgewater, Mr Nathan Copeland, Agent.
Petersham, Rev. Dr Noyes, Agent.
Gardner, Mr Theophilus P. Wood, Agent.
Hubbardston, Dea. James A. Waite, Agent.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, would inform the Auxiliaries that the present state of its treasury is such, as makes it necessary that all funds due the Parent Association should be paid without delay.*

It is to be hoped that an association which is doing so much good as the American Unitarian Association, so much towards supplying the spiritual wants of the country, and building up the waste places of Zion, will not for want of means be checked in its operations; but that its friends will at this time make an effort to replenish its exhausted Treasury.

* The Office of the Treasurer, Henry Rice Esq. is at No. 68 Milk Street.

FIRST SEMI ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MINISTER AT LARGE IN CINCINNATI.

(*Concluded.*)

And now having briefly referred to the five great subjects of

I. Pauperism and poverty,
II. Religious want,
III. Educational want,
IV. Intemperance and licentiousness,
V. Criminality and immorality;

I proceed with equal brevity to state my plans, hopes and prospects.

From the very slight experience which I have had thus far. I am led to think, that one of the greatest difficulties with respect to poverty and crime, is the want of knowledge on the part of the educated and wealthy of the troubles, temptations, and true condition of the poor, the ignorant, the irreligious, and the criminal. Were there a wider knowledge of the trials of the unfortunate, there would be a deeper sympathy with them, and more effort in their behalf. At present the mass of those who might be relieving the unfortunate and vicious, do nothing to relieve and rescue them, because they know little or nothing of their situation. One great purpose with me, therefore, is this, to inform the more fortunate of the condition of their less happy fellows, to show them by lectures, and to lead them through visits, to the naked truths of poverty and criminality. Our lectures on alternate months, other lectures, and writings may help to spread information; by founding an office for visiters of the poor upon the plan of that in Boston, by collecting information as to the demand for labor, by causing employers to visit the families of those whom they employ, by encouraging visits by Sunday school teachers, by common school teachers, by introducing the well-informed carpenter to the lawyer—by using, in short, every means that comes in our way for making the rich and educated comprehend how much they may do by sympathy, advice, and obvious modes of assistance, and by showing them how much of excellence exists in the mechanic classes,—I think this great difficulty may be very much relieved.

Nor do I doubt that those of us who have become aware of the wants of a very large portion of the suffering among us, shall be able to do much, for the spirit of the whole community is kindly and just. Although the benevolent societies are connected with various sects, I have found no sectarian narrowness among them; nor met, any where, any other than a kind reception. Were I in any sense alone, I should feel disposed to limit my efforts to a single point or single square, but being convinced that many are prepared to act with me, and that many were already leading the way in the very path I wish to tread, before I began,—I do not think it so wise at present to limit, as to extend my labors. Whenever we have our Association of benevolent societies and individuals fully at work, our office for the poor established, information upon the various points presented in this report embodied, and a house of refuge (for which we are now striving,) organized, I shall then probably confine my labors to a small section of the city, trusting to find fellow-laborers enough to care for the remainder.

My hopes are strong, therefore. Our community is wholly disposed to adopt the Christian theory of society, and if even a few of us will be faithful we may see much done toward reducing that theory to practice. In the West all has a democratic character; and, if I am not in error, at this moment we may do what will by and by be the work of years if not done now, toward so directing that character as to keep out jacobinism, and bring in consistent Christian brotherhood. I have not yet seen any man who was not, if honest, disposed to unite in bringing the true and thinking men of all conditions together, without respect to wealth, or the niceties of education. If this were done, I am sure that many of the heaviest evils of poverty and crime, as those things are now, would be done away.

I have found here, also, a most pleasing union of action among the various sects; less bitterness, less disposition to keep in view points of difference, and a stronger desire to look for points of agreement, than might have been hoped for.

I have found great liberality; indeed, with my ideas of poverty, too much liberality;—not merely as respects money, but time, thought and labor. For myself, I believe much depends upon adopting a course that will cause the poor to rely mainly upon their own exertions; but still we cannot too much admire the devotion of those who, themselves day laborers, give hour after hour, day after day, and night after night, to the needy, and this not for a little while under some sudden enthusiasm, but for ten and fifteen years together.

Believing, as I have said, that more true aid is given the poor by enabling them to help themselves, than by helping them directly, I look upon our House of Employment as a most valuable institution And its value will, during the coming winter, be greater than ever, in consequence of the addition to it of a washing establishment, through the efforts chiefly of Mrs Lyman Beecher. By means of this, many poor women who cannot sew, and have no means of taking in washing, may find ample employment; and the travellers through our city be enabled to have their clothes carefully cleansed with little trouble. It has also been proposed to found here, a house with a handsome capital, which should let out to poor women the sort of coarse sewing which is now given them from the slop-shops, and to do it at fair prices. At present many are barely able to live; but if the benevolent individuals who proposed to found the house in question should do it, I have no doubt that they might make money by so doing, and at the same time save hundreds from beggary, and perhaps crime.

One more point I will speak of, and then close this very imperfect report.

In undertaking the office of minister at large, I did not, of course, suppose myself to be undertaking a sectarian mission, for the very term is used, as I suppose, to shut out the idea of sectarianism. But more than this, I did not suppose religious teaching by means of language either in public or private, either as preacher or pastor, to be my main object. I looked upon my true course as being that which would enable me most fully to arouse religious feeling by any means.

Thus far I have been rather studying the field in which I am to work, than working in it; I have been trying to get at such an idea of the wants and evils of our society, and of the best modes of cure, as would enable me to form a theory, or plan of action. This theory I have in a measure completed, and my present purposes are as follows:

To act, as heretofore stated, in union with others, in bringing about a complete associated action for the relief of the physically suffering: and also to diffuse information with respect to the poor and sick.

To act in union with others, in bringing about the establishment of a house of refuge for young criminals, and a house of industry for adult offenders against decency, common morals, and public comfort. Both these institutions are very much needed, and the need is universally acknowledged, but some one must take it upon them to keep the subject before the public, and in this behalf I propose to do what I can: also to collect such statistics as I can respecting the increase or decrease of criminality in our city, and all facts relating to crime.

I shall further, make it, as I have said, a great point to aid in bringing the better behaved, and better educated members of all classes into intercourse with one another.

As an officer connected with our school establishment I shall try to ascertain with some exactness the number of children who do not receive the benefits of education at present; and learn how they may most quickly be brought into schools.

By means of my Sunday school associations, I shall attempt to introduce religion into all the families possible; and by means thereof to form a sort of extended parish. In connection with this, during the coming fall I mean to commence public services and lectures, in the northwest section of our city, where there is a little church already built, and now unoccupied. If I find in that quarter as many families as I can attend to, I shall try to raise funds to buy the church in question, and devote myself to the care of those in that neighborhood who need such help as I can give.

I am sensible that this report conveys but very partially and feebly that which I wish to say; but hereafter, when I am able to speak more in detail, I trust to give you a better account of our condition and progress. One thing I would say, however, most strongly, that I think there is every ground for confidence in our ability to ward off vicious pauperism, wide spread immorality, general irreligion, and deep criminality. Our community is in most respects, and through most classes, remarkably adapted to foster high and true feelings. If we will take as our motto, 'Christian Union,' we may effect more than any dare now prophecy.

J. H. PERKINS.

The West.—Rev. Mr Barrett of this city, has recently returned from a mission of three months in the West. His report of the prospects of Liberal Christianity in the west are satisfactory and encouraging. Among the places at which he preached to respectable and attentive audiences, we would mention, St. Louis, Quincy, and Chicago. He returns with a strong conviction of the importance of earnest and unremitting effort in behalf of the moral and religious interests of the West.

At Madison, Indiana, there is a prospect of a good society. Rev. Mr Dewey, of New York, and also Rev. Messrs. Huntoon and Clarke have preached there to audiences of from two to three hundred.

At Quincy, Illinois, a society has been gathered and a church formed.

At Hillsboro', as has been recently stated, the prospects are in a high degree encouraging; and it is to be hoped that the efforts of Mr Huntington in their behalf alluded to in our last paper may not be in vain.

Rev. Chandler Robbins.—The readers of the Register will be gratified to learn that the Rev. Mr Robbins, late editor of this paper, has returned from his journey to Europe, with much improved health.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

MISS HANNAH PARKER LANE.

Died in Hingham, on the 20th inst., Hannah Parker Lane, eldest daughter of Col. Charles Lane, aged 18.

It is a duty to the public to record remarkable instances of the triumph of Christian faith and hopes over the objects of time, and the allurements of the world. The subject of this notice was called in the very bud and bloom of life, to turn her eye away from the brightness and beauty of the opening scenes of youth, when the glow of affection sparkles in every countenance, and the gentle accents of early friendships fall like the music of inspiration upon the ear,—awakening in the young heart the warm aspirations of hope and joy. When one so young, so beautiful, so endearing, so pure in heart, so blameless in life, is called thus suddenly to turn away from all around her that is smiling with hope, and radiant with promise, and tear the fond affections and budding hopes from all those endeared associations with which they were so closely blended and intertwined, our deepest interest and sympathy are involuntarily excited. But a few short months have passed since this amiable and beloved object was moving in a circle of friends in apparently good health. Though feeble in constitution, there was an animation, a gentleness, and sweetness of manners, that endeared her to all. Having early imbibed the principles of Christianity they shone with a divine lustre through all her life and conduct, and a beaming expression of gentle and kind feelings in her countenance, bespoke a heart the abode of purity and truth.

These principles shone forth in brightness and glory when that appalling disease consumption began to depict its fatal hectic flush upon her benign countenance. With steadfast heart, and unwavering faith she perceived the slow but sure approach of the king of terrors; preserving a perfect equanimity of mind, and retaining to the last her interest in her friends and their welfare. She looked heavenward with perfect confidence in the mercy of God, and the promsies of the gospel, and spoke of death as but a transition state to glory and happiness,—as but the end of the journey of time. Thus calm, patient and self-possessed did she continue, and when the light of departing life was flickering in its socket, and the shades of death were thickening around, she looked upward with an expression of 'hope full of immortality,' and with the last feeble breath of expiring nature exclaimed 'I am now ready.'

Hingham. L.

INTELLIGENCE.

Mechanic's Exhibition.—This exhibition commenced at Quincy Hall, in this city, on Tuesday morning. The show of manufactured articles, new inventions, &c., is very rich and imposing. The Hall has been crowded, during most of the hours of exhibition, since it commenced. The number of tickets sold up to Tuesday evening, was said to be near 13,000.

EGYPT, AND EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

During the past week Mr Badger has delivered in this city two lectures on Egyptian History and Antiquities.

Egypt is on many accounts an interesting and a remarkable country. It is remarkable as being the seat of the earliest civilization of the human race, and for its intimate connexion with the history of the chosen people of God. It is remarkable also, for its physical characteristics, as well as for the monuments which remain of its ancient power and splendor. It is, moreover, at present an object of special interest on account of the remarkable man who presides over its destinies and the war which he is now waging for independence.

The Lectures of Mr Badger contain much interesting and instructive matter. He has evidently studied his subject faithfully and made himself familiar with its details. He illustrates his lectures by numerous well-executed views of the principal cities, ancient and modern, the natural scenery, the pyramids and other antiquities of the country which of themselves alone would have been well worth going to examine.

It is understood that Mr Badger intends to repeat his lectures, and that the receipts from them are to be expended for the promotion of the cause of education by establishing an Academy in Chelsea. We heartily wish him all the success he so justly deserves.

England.—The British Queen, which arrived in New York on Friday the 20th inst. after a passage of about 17 days. She brought English accounts to the 2d inst. The prospect of the crops is favorable. The state of things in regard to Egypt and Turkey is much the same as at the last advices. The English money market has not improved.

Ministerial Changes.—Mr. Spring Rice having been elevated to the peerage, Mr. F. Baring, Secretary to the Treasury, has been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. M. Wyse succeeds Mr. Moore O'Ferrall at the Treasury: Mr. Poulett Thomson is appointed Governor General of Canada; Mr. Labouchre to the Presidency, at the Board of Trade. It is understood that Sir George Grey, the Judge Advocate, is to have a seat in the cabinet. Mr. C Woods, Secretary to the Admiralty, is to be transferred to the Treasury, vice Baring, and Mr. Vernon Smith will succeed Mr. Labouchre in the Colonial office.

The Thames Tunnel.—On Thursday the workmen employed in this undertaking succeeded in reaching low water mark, the accomplishment of which task takes away all fear of another irruption. The length of the tunnel is now 920 feet, being little short of three quarters of the whole distance, there being about 380 feet more to complete the entire length. The average distance which the workmen weekly accomplish is nine feet; It is therefore expected that the tunnel will be opened for passengers towards the latter end of next year.

China.—At Canton affairs remained in the same unsatisfactory state. Foreigners were still prisoners, and business, of course, at an end, at all events for the present.

The New York Journal of Commerce has the following statements and speculations on the subject of the late difficulties.

Late English papers bring us the particulars of the exciting occurrences which took place at Canton near the end of March and the beginning of April,—the general facts having been made known by a previous arrival.—Our readers are aware of the immense importations of Opium into China which have been made of late years, chiefly by English vessels, and of the long continued, but heretofore unsuccessful efforts of the Chinese government to prevent its importation and use So inefficient had been its measures for the suppression of the traffic, that the foreign residents at Canton regarded the prohibition as a nullity, and introduced the drug as freely as ever, though not altogether so openly. When we say the foreign residents, we of course do not include them all,—for it is well known that quite a number of them have long opposed the traffic as of an immoral tendency, and used their best endeavors to discountenance it. Most prominent among them are some of our own countrymen.—But their efforts proved almost entirely unavailing,—the temptation of large profits being, in too many cases, paramount to all other considerations. It is a truth, we believe, that for some years past, Opium has committed great ravages upon health, morals, property, and lives, in China, that ardent spirits have in this country or England. A perception of these enormous evils at length aroused His Celestial Majesty to a fixed determination to stop the importation at every hazard; for he found that no internal police regulations, nor even the penalty of death, could prevent the use of the article, if once within the reach of his subjects. He therefore commissioned one of his high officers, Lin by name, to proceed to Canton and take the affair under his special cognizance, clothing him with powers adequate to any emergency. That the nature of the embassy might be understood and appreciated, Lin was furnished with an Imperial seal, which is said to invest its keeper for the time being with all the despotic authority of the Emperor himself, and which on account of the enormous power it conveys, has been only twice or three times entrusted to high officers of state. It is probable, says the Canton Press, that he stands deeply pledged to the Imperial Government for his success, and that failure in his mission would involve him in disgrace and punishment. It is therefore not to be doubted that he will exert himself to the utmost to attain his object, nor can for the present any expectation be entertained but that the Opium trade will be speedily suppressed altogether. The course of measures adopted by Lin, fully justifies this remark. What those measures, or some of them, are, will be seen in the sequel. The British Superintendent, Elliot, and the foreign residents generally, appear to have become convinced that the Opium trade could no longer be carried on, as well they might be when they found themselves surrounded by innumerable police officers and soldiers, and were assured that they could only regain their liberty by the surrender of every chest of Opium in their keeping, or on board of any of the foreign ships. Thus compelled by necessity, the surrender was recommended by the British Superintendent, and commanded so far as British subjects were concerned with an assurance that they should be indemnified by the government,—which assurance may, or may not, prove to have been made with sufficient authority. Every British paper, however, which has spoken on the subject, so far as we have had opportunity to observe, has taken ground decidedly against the indemnification. The amount of Opium given up to the Chinese government was no less than 20,283 chests, valued at £3,000,000 sterling, or near $15,000,000! This includes the Opium belonging to the subjects or citizens of other nations than Great Britain, and we presume they made clean work.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr Barrett, Mr Rand Lord to Miss Elizabeth P. Lewis.

In Edgartown, Capt. Peter M. Coffin, to Mrs Susan Fisher.

In Dover, N. H. Mr George Briggs, of Boston, to Miss Caroline Young.

In Baltimore, on Tuesday evening, Mr George Hyde, of the firm of Dana, Evans & Co. of Boston, to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of the late Aaron Clapp, of Baltimore.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Monday, Mrs Sarah T. Dow, 80.

Sept. 14th, Mrs Mary J. wife of James M. Messer, and daughter of the late Wm. Holman, of Portsmouth, N. H.

In Mansfield, (Mass.) Mrs Sibell D. Billings, wife of Doctor Benjamin Billings, 78; a lady of exemplary piety and virtue.

In Worcester, 18th inst. Miss Hetty, daughter of the late Hon. Benj. Heywood, 52; Sept. 22d, Mrs Eliza A. relict of the late Hon. Francis Blake, 64.

In Bangor, 10th inst. Frances Maria, daughter of Hon. Edward Kent, 4.

In Litchfield, Ct. 16th inst. Hon. Phineas Miles, a distinguished member of the Bar of Lichfield Co.

In Charlestown, Peoria Co. Illinois, Mrs Mary Goodwin, 60; widow of the late John Goodwin, of Charlestown Mass.

Of the yellow fever, at Carrollton, near New Orleans, Sept 5th, Mr Clinton Humphrey, a native of North Weymouth, 27.

In Calcutta, Capt. Isaac Smith of Charlestown, Mass., 34, master of ship Henry Ewbank.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—Percy's Reliques of English Poetry, 3 vols 8vo
Miller's Rural Sketches 8vo
Higgins on Sound
Life of Sir James Mackintosh 2 vols 8vo
Treatise on Happiness, 2 vols 8vo
Froissart's Chronicles of England, France, and Spain
Gray's Elegy, new edition, illustrated
Milne's Poems
Paul and Virginia, 8vo, beautifully illustrated
Standard Library, vol 1, Poetry
Pope's Poetical works, 4 vols
Just received by JAMES MUNROE & Co., 134 Washington street. s 28

WYATT'S NATURAL HISTORY.—A Synopsis of Natural History, embracing the Natural History of Animals, with Human and general Animal Physiology, Botany, Vegetable Physiology, and Geology—translated from the last French edition of C. Lemmenier, arranged as a text book for Schools by Thomas Wyatt. 1 vol 8vo.
Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co. 134 Washington street. sep 28

NEW TRACT 144.—On Mystery, Reason and Faith. By Ephraim Peabody, being Tract 144 of the American Unitarian Association. Just published by JAMES MUNROE & CO. Agent of the A. U. A. 134 Washington st. sept 28

HISTORY OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—From its foundation to the period of the American Revolution. By Benjamin Peirce. A few copies for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington st. sep'ember 28

LUTHER AND HIS TIMES, by the author of Three Experiments of Living, The Old Painters, &c.
Just published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & Co., 134 Washington street. s 28

EMERSON'S WATTS on the Improvement of the Mind. With Corrections, Questions, and Supplement. Upwards of fifty thousand copies of this improved edition have been already sold. Published by JAMES LORING, 132 Washington st. sep 28

FOSTER'S ESSAYS, sixth edition. In a series of Letters, on a Man's writing Memoirs of himself—Decision of Character—On the Application of the epithet Romantic—On some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to persons of Cultivated Taste. By John Foster, author of 'Evils of Popular Ignorance,' 'Glory of the Age,' &c. Just published and for sale by JAMES LORING, 132 Washington street. s28

ROLLO BOOKS, &c.—Vol. 1, Rollo Learning to Talk; vol 2, Rollo Learning to Read, or Easy Stories for young Children; vol. 3, Rollo at Work, or the way for a boy to learn to be industrious; vol. 4, Rollo at Play, or safe Amusements; vol 5, Rollo at School; vol. 6, Rollo's Vacation.
Also—Abbott's Caleb in the Country; Caleb in Town; Child at Home; Young Man's Aid, by Rev Hubbard Winslow; Fanny and other Poems; Young Ladies' Guide; Mrs Sigourney's Letters to Mothers; do do Young Ladies; Memoir of Messrs Munson and Lyman; Stephens' Travels in Egypt, Arabia, &c; Mrs Smith's Memoirs; Memoirs of Mrs Huntington, Graham, Mary Jane Graham; Path of Peace; Webster's Dictionaries; Kingsley's Social Choir, 2 vols; Boston Glee Book; The Odeon; Confessions of a Schoolmaster; Traditions of Palestine, &c.
For sale by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. s28

MRS HALE'S NEW BOOK FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.—The Good Housekeeper, or the way to live well, and to be well while we live—containing directions for choosing and preparing food, in regard to health, economy and taste. By Mrs S. J. Hale, author of the Ladies' Wreath, &c.
This day published by WEEKS, JORDAN, & CO. sep28

BURKE'S WOKKS.—CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112, Washington street, have this day published, The Complete Works of Edmund Burke, in 9 vols 8vo.
This edition of Burke's Works is more complete than any one which has hitherto appeared, either in England or America. It comprises the entire contents of the English edition of his works in sixteen octavo volumes, including two volumes of speeches on the trial of Hastings, published in 1827, and which have never before been republished in this country. It also contains a reprint of the work entitled 'Account of the European Settlements in America,' first published in 1761, which, though published anonymously, is well known to have been written by Burke. This is not contained in the English edition of his collected works. Although the present edition contains a volume more than the latest and best English one, it is offered at less than one half the price. It has been the aim of the publishers to present the work in a form and style worthy of its contents; and it is confidently offered to the favorable regard to the public from its completeness, its moderate price, and its typographical excellence. sept 28

THE FUTURE LIFE OF THE GOOD.—Contents.
Contemplation of Immortality—Reunion of Friends—Land of the Blest—Society of the Blessed—Light of Immortality—Permanency of the Future Life—The Character unchanged by Death—&c. &c. &c.
'I felt, that however long to me
The slumber of the grave might be,
I should know him again 'mid the countless throng
Who shall bear their part in the seraphim's song.'
This day published, by JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court street. episti sept 28

ANNUALS for 1840.—The subscribers will receive all the Annuals published this season, immediately after publication, which they will sell at the lowest prices to the trade, or at retail. Booksellers from the country will do well to call.
Sept. 28. WM. CROSBY & CO.

THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, for 1840.—Edited by S. G. Goodrich—embellished with ten beautiful steel engravings. This day published, and for sale wholesale and retail, by
Sept. 28. WM. CROSBY & CO,

THE THEATRE—in its influence upon Literature, Morals and Religion, by Robert Turnbull, Pastor of the Boylston street Church, Boston, 2 vols, just published and for sale at TICKNOR'S. s21

TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS—and Memoirs of Mrs Hawkes. Fresh supplies just received at TICKNOR'S. sep 21

SOUTHEY'S WORKS.—The Poetical works of Robert Southey, collected by himself, 10 vols complete in 1 royal octavo vol. very handsomely printed and bound, just received at TICKNOR'S sept. 21.

PRIVATE SCHOOL IN CHELSEA.
THE subscriber has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public that the Fall quarter of his school will commence on Monday 8 October.
He receives pupils of both sexes whom he is ready to instruct in the ancient and modern languages as well as the various branches of an English education.
A few more lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. He is permitted to refer to Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, Rev. Dr Parkman, Benj. Shurtleff, M. D. HORATIO ALGER.
sept 14

FAMILY OIL STORE.
THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
sep 7 HENRY CLAPP, JR.

PURE SPERM OIL.
E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 istf

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE SLUMBERING HARP.

It rested in its silent beauty there,
Just where she last had swept it. On its chords,
A rose-bud, flung in careless playfulness,
Was with'ring, and by its side, the half-closed
Cherished book, its bright leaves folded gently
To the songs she loved, told in its touching
Mystic silence, that it was left with fondest,
Sweetest hope, of joyous swift return. Hark!
Why comes she not to seek her loved retreat?
For the pale empress of the night has long
And brightly bathed with its mild beams, the smooth
And glassy waters 'neath the castle gates,
And sportive with its gentle ripples, decks,
As with an angel's smile, the gilded wave.
And see! the starry sentinels of Heaven,
Have long been beaming on the battlements.
Why comes she not as erst, to gaze with joy
Upon their golden light, and dream herself
A resident amid the brightest orbs,
That glitter in their clustering beauty there?
Why are those quiet halls still echoless
To the light footsteps that were wont to break
With tread elastic, and with joyous bound,
The deep and stilly watch of silence?
Why rests that harp in an unbroken sleep,
That ever, touched with magic fingers, woke
With thrilling melody, that seemed the pure
And perfect echo of a seraph's lyre?
Is it, that she has left this lovely spot,
Guarded so long by dreams elysian,
To mingle in the mazy crowd, and tread
The labyrinthian walks, where gaiety
And heartless mirth, lead on their votaries?
And shall we find her in the banquet room
Beneath the siren Pleasure's witching shade
With flattery's chain wreathed closely round her heart?
No! we have scann'd the decorated halls,
And watch'd the dances of the glittering throng,
But she's not there!
We've looked amid the shades
Of forest verdure, 'neath the waving bloom
Of orange groves, and on the lonely shore
Where meditation holds communion sweet;
We've looked within the summer bower adorned,
And gaily wrought, with garlands wre athed
And blended by her tasteful hand, and thence,
As spell-bound, we have wandered back again,
To list, if she but waken from their sleep,
The chords of her loved lyre.
But no, 'tis there,
Untouched save by the zephyr's breath
And by the moonbeam's gentle play.
We've trod the Father's palace, that has rung
With the wild music of her joyous laugh;
We've called her by each fond endearing name
That love and sweet affection e'er could prompt,
But still she answers not!
No, nor ever,
While the smiling heavens are o'er us spread,
Or the green earth blooms in its beauty round,
Will that soft gentle voice, our bosoms thrill.
She left her harp, ere yet its plaintive notes,
Had ceased to mingle in their cadence sweet,
And as if charmed from his imperial throne,
By her own magic music, the angel
Of the darkened robe and blighting pinion,
Swiftly o'er her young spirit swept, and bore,
Within his silent car, the trembling one,
Across the troubled wave. To the bright throng,
That strike the 'lyre of praise' in realms of light,
Ineffable and pure, she sweetly passed.
Thus may I pass, when on the billows called
My bark to launch, and sail away on wings
Of music and of love, beyond the skies.

Waltham. L. B. T.

The following original hymns were sung at the recent Sabbath School Festival in Brookline.

BY MISS A. M. COREY (ONE OF THE SCHOLARS.)

We have met, O God! to praise thee,
Members of the Sabbath school—
Here, our grateful songs we raise thee,
That we've learned the Savior's rule.
Guide us, Father,
Guide us, Father,
By thine own unerring hand.

Wilt thou from thy throne in heaven,
Lend to us a listening ear?
Let thine own sweet smiles be given,
Condescend to meet us here.
Guide us Father, &c.

Some from our beloved number,
Death has summoned home to God;
Others shortly too may slumber,
Silently beneath the sod.
Guide us Father, &c.

While thy gospel we're possessing,
And are taught its great commands,
Millions are deprived this blessing,
Far away in pagan lands.
Guide us Father, &c.

Now accept our warm thanksgiving,
For our lives and for thy word,
Help *us* by thy precepts living,
Thus to honor thee, O Lord.
Guide us Father, &c.

May *we* love the gracious Savior,
Who has died that we might live.
May *we* early seek his favor,
Which alone true joy can give.
Guide us Father, &c.

—

BY MISS M. M. ODELL, (ONE OF THE TEACHERS.)

'Tis beautiful in love to dwell—
To day we meet in charity,
United hearts thy praises swell;
Unitedly we pray to thee.

Thy blessing, Lord, be with us now,
As the dew rests on Hermon's hill,
Lifting to heaven its ancient brow,—
Thy blessing, Lord, be with us still.

—

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Lift up the exulting strain of praise,
To him, the Almighty friend,
Who bids the gospel's glorious light
On infant souls descend;

Who bids the heaven-touch'd spirit toil,
To spread its knowledge wide;
And leads the list'ning child to love
The name of Christ who died;

Who makes the moral desert hear
Salvation's quick'ning voice;
The wild and solitary place
With sudden bloom rejoice.

To those, O Lord, who learn thy word,
A docile mind impart;
And deign to touch with quenchless zeal
Each faithful teacher's heart;—

'Till as the mighty waters fill
The boundless ocean's bed,
The saving knowledge of thy truth,
O'er all the earth shall spread.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEFFERSON'S CEMETERY.

Monticello, (pronounced Montichello, and signifying 'beautiful mountain,') is in sight of Charlottesville, about a mile distant in a straight line, but a mile and a half by the road which decends into the little valley of the Ravenna and then ascends and winds among the hills, and along the skirts of the mountain woods. Monticello is elevated perhaps 400 or 500 feet above the little stream that meanders at its base. It seems to be a secondary eminence of what is called the south-west mountain, to which it bears a relation similar to that which the lesser hunch of the dromedary's back bears to the larger one. Soon after passing the outside enclosure, and approaching the summit of the hill through a growth of oaks, we reach by the road side the humble resting place of THOMAS JEFFERSON. Consecrated, as it is, by the choice and arrangement of the 'sage' himself, we are not disposed to question its taste. We may wonder, however, that while the remains of many men of less worth have been honored by sculptured marble and splendid mausoleums, all that was mortal of the author of the Declaration of American Independence lies entombed in a rude and uninviting enclosure of a few yards square, without even a sod to check the drifting of its barren dust, and distinguished only by a plain, unsculptured, mutilated granite obelisk. The few rods of rough wall by which it is surrounded is crumbling to the level of its parent earth; the gate that once guarded the entrance is swung from its hinges, the gnarled shrub oak is growing by the wall; the dead leaves are gathered in sunken graves; the slab over the body of Mrs Jefferson is mutilated and broken, and the whole scene is one of singular rudeness and desolation, unrelieved by any visible testimony that the memories of those who lay buried there, are held in more than the ordinary esteem cherished by the careless millions of the living for the innumerous dead.

The area of this little cemetery is but a few square yards, and contains about fifeen graves, a few of which are of the family of Mr. Jefferson, and the rest of some of their friends.

The granite obelisk over Mr. Jefferson's remains has been shamefully desecrated, the corners having been broken off for the sake of gratifying the vanity of exhibiting a relic from the 'tomb of the prophet.' The piece of white marble which had been let into the granite, and bearing the principal inscription, has fallen out, and is preserved at the house. The inscription, which was prepared by Mr. Jefferson before his death, is as follows:

'HERE WAS BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
AUTHOR
OF THE DECLARATION OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
OF
THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA
FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM, AND
FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA.'

The word 'FATHER' seems to have been dwelt upon with peculiar pride and emphasis. Below is this:

'Born April 2d,
1743, O. S.
Died July 4th, 1826.'

Immediately by the side of the obelisk repose the remains of Mr. Jefferson's wife. A plain white marble slab much broken, lies upon the grave, bearing the following inscription.

'To the memory of
Martha Jefferson,
daughter of John Wayles,
Born Oct. 19, 1784, O. S.
Intermarried with Thomas Jefferson
Jan. 1, 1772,
torn from him by death
Sept. 6, 1782,
this monument of his love
is inscribed.'

Then follows a Greek inscription from Homer, signifying, we believe, substantially, that, it is said we go after death to 'Hades' where we meet those we loved and remember their faces.

Near by are also buried two daughters of Mr. Jefferson. viz. *Mrs. Randolph*, who was the wife of Thomas Mann Randolph, once was Governor of Virginia, and mother of Thomas J. Randolph; and *Mrs. Eppes*, whose husband was formerly in Congress from this State. A granddaughter of Mr. Jefferson, the daughter of Gov. Randolph, is also buried by the side of her grandparents, her grave being distinguished by a marble table bearing the following inscription;

'Mrs. A. C. Bankhead,
Born Jan. 23, 1791—Died Feb. 11, 1826.
Mourned, till on earth,
Meek piety cease to dwell,
With angel goodness,
From thine heaven forgive,
The sorrowing heart
That would hold thee here.

In another part of the enclosure, a marble slab lies upon the grave of a lad who was drowned in 1812. It bears the following epitaph:

'This slab
is placed over the body
of
William Mortimer Harrison,
by his weeping and afflicted parents,
a monument of bereaved affection
and blighted hope.'

A few feet beyond. 'Two whitened flint-stones mark the feet and head' of 'Mrs. Mary Stewart.' To the others who lie here 'in cold obstruction,' 'low in the ground,' there is no tribute paid, they 'grovel in indistinct decay;' they are not even distinguished by

'A low green hillock, two small gray stones
Rising o'er the place which holds their bones;'

but the winds and rains and the equally rude feet of strangers have scattered the little heaps of dust by which mother earth, honoring them more than the living, once acknowledged the space they filled in her bosom.

Oh Grave!
'How powerful is thy silent eloquence,
Which never flatters! Thou instruct'st the proud
That their vain pomp is but an empty cloud
Slave to each wind. The fair, the flowers they have
Fresh in their cheek, are strewed upon a grave.
Thou tell'st the rich, their idol is but earth;
The vainly pleased, that, syren-like, their mirth
Betrays to mischief.'

'Tyrant o'er tyrants,' and over empires 'whose graves heave but like the passing waves!' Time, only, despoils thee of thy trophies—the foot passenger and the chariot-wheel trample thy monuments unheeded—religion, only, robs thee of thy victory, and tells thee that the dead are not *thy* prisoners.

Madisonian.

[From a late British Journal]

EXTRACTS

From 'Notes of a Wanderer, in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube, and down the Rhine. By W. F. Cumming, M. D.

CAIRO.

'Cairo is, without exception, the most complicated town I have ever visited. Even London appears plain sailing, when compared with its endless turnings, cul-de-sacs, and windings. Generally the streets are mere alleys, only a few feet in breadth. There is scarcely a cart to be seen. Camels and donkeys are the sole carriers. Indeed, except in a few of the principal streets and bazaars, there is no room for a cart; it is often difficult enough to pass on horseback. In no town have I seen such crowds of persons in the streets. From morning till night, there is one continued stream of human beings, Turks, Arabs, Copts, Negroes, Abyssinians, Greeks, and Franks. I am daily more and more struck with the multitudes of blind. Surely it is a disgrace to the Pacha that he takes no steps to remedy so appalling an evil. An opthalmic hospital, under English superintendance, would throw floods of light and joy over the now bedarkened and unhappy citizens of Cairo; but from all I hear of his Highness, he cares little for his subjects, beyond making them the tools of his own aggrandizement and insatiable ambition.

'After visiting three or four of the handsomest mosques, we rode to the tombs of the Caliphs, distant about a mile from the Citadel. They form a sort of city apart, and consist of mausoleums, each having its mosque and minaret. We entered one only. The effect of these tombs is much more striking when seen from a distance, than close at hand. We rode afterwards to the Citadel, to feast our eyes on the beautiful view from its summit. The vast city stretched on the plain beneath, with its countless mosques and minarets shooting into the blue sky—the gigantic pyramids of Saccara and Ghizeb, shrouded in a halo of mystic antiquity—the fruitful Nile, with its banks of bright verdure—the grim desert pushing his sterile sands to the very verge of the inundation—the glittering palaces of the Pacha, and the picturesque tombs of the Caliphs—all combine to form a panorama of surpassing beauty and interest. They say Constantinople is finer. It may be so; but I have seen no city like Cairo—no river like the Nile—and no sky like the sky of Egypt.'

MAHOMMED ALI AND HIS BLIND SUBJECTS.

'Our next visit was to the citadel, where a number of workmen are busy with the erection of a mausoleum destined to receive the body of his Highness. The sole beauty of the building consists in the slabs of alabaster with which the interior is lined. An extensive quarry of this beautiful stone has been discovered on the eastern shore of the Nile; and the Pacha is robbing it of its treasures to ornament the intended receptacle of his vile carcass. It would do him more honor as a man, and credit as a ruler, were he to expend the money thus uselessly lavished, on the erection of an hospital for the treatment of his poor blind subjects. It is a fashion with persons in England and other parts of Europe, to laud Mahommet Ali to the skies as an enlightened ruler and successful conquerer. To the latter appellation I do not dispute his claim; but as to his paternal anxieties for the good of his people, let the thousands of blind in the streets of Cairo bear mournful witness. For myself I feel nothing but abhorrence towards the man who squanders the lives and properties of his subjects in the conquest of remote countries, which he will probably soon be forced to relinquish; while he neglects the easy and attainable means of conducing to their domestic happiness, by an endeavor to remedy an evil as sweeping in its extent, as afflicting in its effects. He has, indeed, formed a large and expensive military college; but this is in keeping with his schemes of aggrandisement and conquest. But is there even *one* general hospital in Cairo open to all? I have heard of none such; and yet the population of the city is said to amount to 400,000 souls: so much for his paternal care of his subjects.'

EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS.

'Nothing is more common than for young men to disqualify themselves from being soldiers, by chopping off a fore-finger,—knocking out their cartridge-teeth, and even putting out one of their eyes. All military service is compulsory. I have frequently seen wretched recruits, just kidnapped, marched in chains, or with their hands stuck through wooden stocks, to the various barracks. Little fidelity can be expected from such an army. Nevertheless, it serves the purpose of the Pacha, and no more is cared for, or required.'

INSCRIPTION ENGRAVED BY THE FRENCH ON THE ISLAND OF PHILOÆ.

'L'an 6 de la Republique
le 13 Messidor,
Une armee Francaise commandee
Par Bonaparte est descendue
a Alexandrie.
L'armee ayant mis vingt jours
Apres les Mameloukes enfuite
Aux Pyramides,
Dessaix, commandant la
Premiere Division, les a
Pursuivies au dela des
Cataractes, ou il est arrive
Le 13 Ventose de l'an 7.'

THE SULTAN GOING TO MOSQUE.

'A movement among the troops announced the approach of the Sultan. Some of his staff preceded him on foot;—he followed on horseback, surrounded by ministers and dignitaries, all walking by his side. His dress was, the common red cap, (here called 'fezz') and a dark green military cloak. The attendants were all dressed in European fashion, except the red cap. A Turk should never adopt the European costume. The same man, who in the turban, and voluminous habiliments of the East, looks to be somebody, has the air, in a Frank suit, of anything but a gentleman. I had ample evidence of this to day. The Pachas of the Sultan appeared like butchers. But in this so-called reform, some see the symptoms of regeneration! To me it is proof of the reverse, —a sign of decadence nothing but decadence, —a confession of inferiority; but it is too late: the confession comes at the eleventh hour, and the 'owl has already begun to sing her night-watch from the towers' of the seraglio. The sultan is a good looking man, fifty or thereabout,—beard black as jet—dyed, no doubt; his expression was anxious and care worn, and he looked hurriedly from side to side, as if apprehending some sudden danger. The rumors of conspiracies increase daily. Surely there must be 'something rotten in the state.' I have heard to day from a person likely to know, that above a hundred heads were thrown into the Bosphorus by the son-in-law of the Sultan, during his absence; but these things are managed with wonderful composure and silence in Turkey. Having remained above half an hour at his devotions, he entered the barge of state—a carpet was spread for the sublime feet, and he was led by dignitaries to a gilded couch. The bargemen,—twenty to twenty-four in number, and all dressed in fine wrought muslin shirts, now took their places, and in five minutes the shadow of a great man had vanished from the view! On the whole, it was a sorry sight, and had none of the richness of a European, or the picturesque effect of an oriental pageant; but was a mongrel jumble of both. As for the troops they were miserable fellows, —small in stature and much darker than the European Turk—recruited probably in the Eastern Pashaliks. They would not be a breakfast for the hardy Russian; but like Falstaff's soldiers, they 'will fill a pit, as well as better.'

THE CITY OF MARSEILLES.

Marseilles is old enough to have some antiquities, for it was founded, we are told, five hundred years before the Christian era. But its importance arises wholly from commerce, and the ornamental architecture of other cities is not found here. However, the streets and private dwellings look much neater and more comfortable than those of most of the towns we have seen, and the country around is filled with beautiful residences of merchants. In the streets one encounters persons from all nations. The turban, and gown, and beard of the Turk distinguished as Asiatic and European; the eastern Jew, dressed in his proper costume; the Greek, in his dangling dress; and the Bedouin crossed our way, besides Americans, and Europeans from every kingdom. The harbor presented a busy crowd of sailors and dealers, so that it was difficult to thread one's way through the mass. I was struck with the names of many of the vessels, as showing some religious sentiments in those who gave them. On one, I read Confiance en Dieu; on another, Volonte de Dieu, &c. From one side of Marseilles a steep and high rocky hill rises toward the sea. A public garden, planned by Napoleon, and commanding a beautiful view of the city, is situated on the ascent. On the lofty summit is a fortified observatory, which looks out to the sea, and is designed to give intelligence of vessels by telegraph. The prospect from that point is very fine. On one side is the city, which is wholly overlooked, the surrounding country filled with the seats of the rich, and, beyond them all, distant hills, rocky and bare, and broken into fantastic shapes. Terraced walls hang on the steeps, holding on the barren sides a handful of earth planted with the vine or some fruit trees. On another side, is the harbor crowded with vessels, bearing the flags of all nations, over which the strong walls of a fortress point their guns. On another side, is the sea, extending out beyond the points which protect the port, and opening its wide expanse toward another continent. It is the sea of antiquity, I may say, the only sea which bore the ships of Greece and Rome, for trade and for battle, and which furnished images of their great writers. Homer had no other in view, nor Virgil. The ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules did not tempt the sails of the great nations, who for centuries wielded the power both of sword and of mind over the whole world. It was only known as the mighty water into which the sun daily sunk in the west. The Mediterranean is the sea of which the sacred writers speak. It is the western boundary of the land of Israel's inheritance. It is this which is spoken of as 'the great sea westward.' When I looked upon it from the hill, the wind blew with a violence that almost stripped me of my cloak, and the waters were white with foam. Not a moving thing was to be seen on its surface, every sail having disappeared in some place of shelter. But the sea was there, as it had been when 'the ships of Tarshish' were upon it, and as when Paul was 'a night and a day in the deep,' and as when Isaiah made it the image of the wicked, restless and 'casting up mire and dirt.'

On the very pinnacle of the hill on which I stood, there is a small chapel of the Virgin, which for some reason seems to have been a favorite place of devotion. The walls inside are literally covered with votive offerings. Most are paintings representing the Virgin with the infant in the clouds, hearing the prayer of the sufferer who is kneeling before her. There are represented deliverances from shipwreck, from a sick bed, from injuries by falls, from explosions of guns, &c., &c. Among the offerings, models of hands, and feet, and legs, are hung up to show that the offerers had been healed of diseases or fractures in those members, by the intercession of the Virgin.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Bargains in Fashionable Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Ladies' Cloths,
AT JOHN H. PRAY'S
VARIETY CLOTH STORE,
No. 48, Washington Street, Boston,
8 doors North of the Post Office.

WHO is daily receiving and constantly supplied with, and offers his Friends, Customers and Purchasers generally, a very complete assortment of Foreign and Domestic Woollen Goods, consisting of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Ladies' Habit and Pelisse Cloths, &c. &c. Among which are superlative wool-dyed black, blue and colored French and German Broadcloths, English do. super and fine, of every fashionable color and mixture. Double and single milled black, blue, fancy colored and mixed Cassimeres, of English, French and German manufacture. American Broadcloths and Cassimeres, of the best qualities and most permanent and fashionable dies. Ladies Broadcloths, of delicate texture and beautiful colors, Queen's Habit and Pelisse Cloths.

For Surtouts and Over Coats.—Double milled German and London Broadcloths, Kerseys, Lion Skin Coatings, Pilot and Beaver Cloths.

Flannels of English and American Manufacture, warranted not to shrink in washing.

Cashmere and Lama Cloths, Erminettes, Cambleteens, French Bombazines, Gambroons, Merinos, —Lastings, Drillings, Jeans, &c. &c.

Linens and Cottons, bleached and unbleached.

Vestings, comprising figured and plain Velvet, Silk and Satin, Valentia, Marseilles and Silk and Worsted Do. of the latest fashions.

Trimmings for Coats, Pants and Vests, viz. Buttons, all sorts, Silk, Twist, Thread, Canvass, Padding, Brown Linen, Cambrics, Silk Serge, &c.

Also a general assortment of goods adapted to the seasons selected carefully with reference to strength of fabric and beauty of colors and finish, which Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine, and are assured that they will be sold at wholesale or retail at the very lowest prices. m 23

WORKS FOR FAMILIY LIBRARIES.—Stewart's Residence at the Sandwich Islands, with introduction and notes, from the last London edition, by Rev Wm. Ellis. Says the New York Commercial Advertiser of this work, 'We announce a new and improved edition of this justly popular work with no ordinary pleasure. Our country contains few descriptive writers who excel Mr Stewart. His Landscapes are sketched with all the beauty and freshness of nature, and spread before the mind of the reader with the effect of painting. Equally felicitous are his descriptions of men and manners, of which he is a close observer. Writing moreover with the heart of a Christian Missionary, his works have been deservedly popular.' Price $1. Published by WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. sep 7

ANOTHER NEW HYMN BOOK.—This day published by B. H. GREENE, 124 Washington Street, corner of Water Street.

Hymns and Prayers for children in the Sunday School, and at Home. This will be found a very useful little book for general use as the title imports.

On hand a good supply of the old Boston Sunday School Hymn Book, by a Superintendent.

Also Sacred Songs, by Mrs Follen.

Published this day. A new and neat edition of Walker's Service Book for Sunday Schools. This Book is becoming very popular, and those who wish to introduce it into the Sunday School, can be supplied with a copy gratis, by applying as above. It contains beside the Prayers, an excellent collection of Hymns. july 13.

PULPIT BIBLES.—Just received, Elegant folio Pulpit Bibles. Also Family and Pocket Bibles. BEN'J H. GREEN 124 Washington, corner of Water streets. august 10

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS.—Edited by Rev. Cazneau Palfrey.

[From the N. H. Argus.] 'The high character which it has already acquired, is fully sustained in the present number, and in its literary and mechanical departments it is unsurpassed by any work of a religious cast in the Union.'

[From the Christian Examiner.] 'It has our heartiest good wishes for its success, and we see not when we think of the number, constituting the Unitarian body, why it should not succeed. There is room for it and to spare. The numbers, thus far, are both able and interesting.' Published monthly in numbers of 48 octavo pages, at Three Dollars per annum. WM. CROSBY & CO. Publishers, 118 Washington Street. Jy 27.

STATIONARY AND FANCY ARTICLES.—Superroyal, Medium, Demy, Cap and Pot Papers; Letter Papers of various qualities; white, blue and fancy colored Letter Paper, ruled Letter Paper, Note Paper, assorted colors; Quarto Post and Billet Papers of satin surface.

A large assortment of Steel Pens, from the most approved manufacturers, comprising the latest and most approved kinds. Also, Pen-holders.

English and Russia Quills.

INK—in bottles of various sizes, blue and red Ink, English japan Ink, Ink Powder.

Sealing Wax, red and black, fine and extra superfine, embossed and assorted colors. Wafers of all sizes and colors. Transparent Wafers.

Everpointed Silver Pencil Cases, Leads for do.; Lead Pencils, Sand Boxes, Inkstands various kinds, Letter Stamps, Portfolios, a large assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books, Card Cases, Visiting Cards, Wallets, Memorandum Books, &c. Rodgers & Sons' Penknives, Scissors and Razors, Dressing Combs, Fancy Soaps; Hair, Cloth and Tooth Brushes, Tooth Powder, Pocket Maps, Porcelain Slates, Transparent Slates, Indelible Ink, Albums &c.

For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS, Court street, corner of Brattle street. aug 3

THE BOSTON SPEAKER.—Being a collection of pieces for Declamation. In prose, poetry and dialogue. Designed for the younger classes in Academies and Common Schools. Published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court st. epis12w august 10

TODDS WORKS.—Truth Made Simple—Todd's Lectures to Children—Student's Manual—Sunday School Teacher—Index Rerum. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court st. sept 14

SILK GOODS AND SHAWL WAREHOUSE,
141 *Washington street,.....Boston.*

E. F. NEWHALL,

Has removed to the spacious rooms, 141 Washington street, opposite the Old South Church,
And has received by recent arrivals from France and England, an elegant assortment of fashionable Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of—

Rich French Cashmere Shawls, superb new designs, on black, blue, red, bird of paradise, fawn, drab, white, blue-black, brown, ash, apple and grass green grounds; with plain and filled centres, of various sizes. Prices from 12 to $50 each.

English Cashmere and Victoria square Shawls, some bright and beautiful patterns, on fawn, drab, red, blue-black, white, harlequin and carpet grounds. Prices from 10 to $20 each.

Silk Casbmere and Edinboro Shawls, a beautiful assortment of new patterns, similar to the French Cashmeres. Prices, from 5 to $15 each.

Real Thibet Wool Long Shawls, very rich and heavy ends, with black, red, green and white centres. Prices from 30 to $50 each.

Huguenot, Balzora, Moscow, Chebille, Highland Plaided, and other Woollen travelling Shawls, of large size and good styles.

India Camel's hair Shawls and Scarfs, of various kinds——Plain black Shawls, for Mourning.

Merino long and square Shawls, of best quality, black, red and white; all wool borders.

Plain Thibet Shawls, for Friends, of various sizes, mode colors and white; with a great variety of low priced Shawls, of different kinds. Making altogether a very splendid assortment, which will be sold cheaper than at any previous season.

☞ Purchasers of Shawls, desirous of obtaining a choice article at a low price, are invited to call.

SILK GOODS.—Super black and India Satins; blue-black and rich colored Satins; Gros de Noble; Gros de Paris; Gros de Swiss; Gros de Naples; first rate heavy double Pou de Sois, of high lustre, assorted light and dark shades; and other desirable styles of plain and corded Silks in great variety of color.

Rich figured Pou de Sois and Rep Silks, large and small figures, a beautiful assortment of colors; some entire new, figures and stripes.

Blue-black figured and heavy corded Silks, of superior quality.

Rich plain jet and blue-black Silks, of all kinds and prices.

Matteoni Lustrings—plain English Glassa Lustring of beautiful light colors for party dresses—rich heavy black double faced Silks—plaided Lustrings—Sinchaws—Satin Levantines—Sarsnets—with a large lot of low priced Silks, of various descriptions, making a very large assortment of staple and fancy Silk Goods, of prime qualities, which will be sold cheap.

Rich Chalie, Chalie de Laines, and Pondicherry, of new and beautiful styles, in great variety.

Richest Mouselaine de Laines, embroidered, printed and plain—French Embroideries, Lace Veils and Velvets—Woollen, Worsted and Silk materials, of every description, for Ladies' Cloaks and Pelisses, and various other Goods of the best styles.

☞ The Proprietor of this establishment invites the attention of Purchasers to the splendid stock of Goods now offered. epistf sep 14

NEW ENGLISH BOCKS.—Lord Bacon's Works, by Basil Montagu, Esq. 16 vols.: Reliques of Ancient Poetry, by Thomas Percy, 3 vols.; The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith, 3 vols.; Brougham's Statesmen of the Times of George the Third, 8vo; Manners and Customs of the Egyptians, by J. G. Wilkinson; Paley's Natural Theology Illustrated, Dissertations, &c., by Lord Brougham; Hemans' Life and Works, 1st and 2d vols.; Froissart's Chronicles, 2 vols.; Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; Cambell's Shakspeare, 8vo; Cornwall's Ben Jonson; Byron's Works, Murray's edition, 8vo; Pope's Poetical Works, edited by H. E. Cary, 8vo; The Pictorial Book of Common Prayer, beautiful engravings, La Trobes Scripture Illustrations, 4to; Howitt's Rural Life of England, 2 vol; Shelly's Poetical Works, 4 vols; Clarke's Riches of Chaucer; Walton's Complete Angler, illustrated edition; Coleridge's Aids to Reflection; The Cyclopædia of Popular Songs; Gray's Poems, Aldine edition, Library of Anecdote; Leigh's New Picture of London; Buck on Oblique Bridges; Comte de Pamburs' Theory of the Steam Engine, 8vo.; Bland on Arches, Piers, &c.; Treatise on Railways, by Lieut, Lecount; Col. Pasley on Limes, Cements, &c.; Stevenson's Civil Engineering; Davy on Artificial Foundations; Woods Treatise on Rail Roads; Faraday's Electricity, 1 vol; Scoresby's Magnetical Investigations; Pictorial History of Palestine, part 3; &c. &c. This day received by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, Importers, 112 Washington street. Sept. 21.

VALUABLE ENGLISH WORKS. — Shelley's Poetical Works, 4 vols
Wordsworth's Poetical works, 4 vols
Burns's do do 8 vols
Scott's do do 12 vols
Millman's edition of Gibbon, 12 vols 8vo
Millman's Life of Gibbon, 1 vol 8vo
Works of Jeremy Taylor, 8 vols
Bishop Butler's works, 1 vol 8vo
Doddridge's Sermons, 4 vols 8vo
Carpenter's Harmony, 8vo
Robert Hall's complete Works, 6 vols 8vo
Works of Rev. John Wesley, 10 vols 8vo
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. sep 21

NEW WORK ON SHELLS. — The Conchologist's first book, or a system of Testaceous Malacology, arranged expressly for the use of Schools, in which the animals according to Cuvier are given, with the Shells by Edgar A. Poe. 2d edition, with illustrations of two hundred and fifteen Shells.
For sale to the trade and at retail, by
JAMES MUNROE & CO.
sep 21 134 Washington street.

ACADEMICAL CLASS BOOKS.

SPELLING.—Emersons National Spelling Book, and Introduction to do.

READING.—Worcester's series, viz. A Primer of the English Language; the Second Book of Reading and Spelling; the Third Book of do and do.; the Fourth Book of Reading.

ARITHMETIC.—Parley's, Emerson's North American Arithmetic, Parts 1, 2, and 3, and Key; Walsh's Mercantile, and Grund's Exercises and Key.

ALGEBRA.—Grund's Exercises and Key, and Grund's Algebraic Problems, &c.

HISTORY.—Parley's Book of the United States; do First, Second and Third Books; the Historical Class Book; Hildreth's Views of the United States, and Sequel to do; Outlines of Chronology, ancient and modern.

GEOGRAPHY.—Goodrich's Outlines of Geography and Atlas; do Universal Geography; Woodbridge's Geographical Copy Book; Blake's Geography for Children.

ASTRONOMY.—Grund's Popular Astronomy; Parley's Sun, Moon and Stars.

CHEMISTRY.—Grund's Elements of Chemistry, stereotype edition.

PHILOSOPHY. — Abbott's Little Philosopher; Grund's Elements of Philosophy. Sullivan's Moral Class Book.

CEOMETRY.—Holbrook's Easy Lessons; Grund's Plane and Solid Geometry.

WRITING.—Noyes's System of Penmanship; Marshall's Writing Books, 4 parts.

BOOK-KEEPING. — Walsh's Book-keeping; Marshall's Public School Account Book, 2 parts.

DICTIONARIES.—Worcester's Comprehensive, and do Elementary; Johnson's and Walker's improved by Todd.

The Political Class Book, Frost's Grammar, Russell's Lessons in Enunciation, Child's Botany.

Teachers, School Committees, &c., are requested to give the above books an examination.
Published by G. W. PALMER & CO.
School Book Publishers, 121 Washington st.

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No. 120. 'Come over and Help Us.' A Letter to Rev. George Putnam, by E. Peabody.

No. 121. 'To the Law and the Testimony.' A discourse on the deference paid to the Scriptures by Unitarians, by James Walker.

No. 122. Remarks on Creeds, Intolleranee, and Exclusion, by William E. Channing, D. D.

No. 123. Charges against Unitarianism, by E. Peabody.

No. 124. A tribute to the Memory of Noah Worcester, D. D., by W. E. Channing.

No. 125. The Nature, Reality and Power of Christian Faith, by Henry Ware jr.

No. 126. The Sunday School, a discourse pronounced before the Sunday School Society, by Wm E. Channing.

No. 127. What is Truth? by Rev Andrew P. Peabody.

No. 128. A Young Man's Account of his Conversion from Calvinism. A statement of Facts.

No. 129. True Grounds of Christian Unity, by Rev. G. Putnam.

No. 130. A Rational Faith competent to the wants of Man.

No. 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838.

No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.

No. 133. The Future Life, by William E. Channing.

No. 134. Repentance the Ground of Forgiveness, by Rev. Joseph Hutton, LL. D, of London.

No. 135. The worship of the Father, a service of Gratitude and Joy. By W. E. Channing.

No. 136. Reason and Revelation. By Rev. A. A. Livermore.

No. 137. Fidelity in Duty, not accuracy in Belief, our test of the Christian Character. By Andrew P. Peabody.

No 138. The Unitarian Reform. By Rev. J. F. Clarke.

No. 139. Truths joined by God not to be sundered by Man. By Samuel Osgood.

No. 140. On the Atonement. By Edward B Hall.

No. 141. Unitarianism Vindicated against the Charge of Skeptical tendencies. By James Walker.

No. 142. Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, and on Belief and Unbelief. By Orville Dewey.

No. 143. The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.

The Tracts of the A. U. A. can be had of the publishers, bound in eleven volumes at the low price of 75 cents per volume.

JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Agents of the American Unitarian Association,
j19 134 Washington street.

THE GIFT AND VIOLET, FOR 1840.—The Gift contains 9 splendid engravings, from original paintings, by Sully, Leslie, Mornet, and others, engraved by Cheney, Andrews, &c. in the best manner. Among the contributors are Mrs Sigourney, Miss Gould, Miss Leslie, Mrs Embury, Miss Beecher, Miss Waterman, and others. It is bound in embossed morocco and enlarged.

The Violet, a Juvenile Annual, edited by Miss Leslie, has articles by a number of our most popular writers. The engravings and the style of bindings are rich and elegant. For sale at Ticknor's, sept. 21.

BEAN'S ADVICE.—Bean's Advice to a Newmarried pair is for sale at the Office of the Christian Register, neatly bound in figured cloth. Clergymen supplied as usual at the lowest wholesale prices. august 24.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
BY DAVID REED,
At 19 Water Street, Boston.

TERMS.—*Three Dollars*, payable in six months, or *Two Dollars and Fifty cents*, if paid in advance
To individuals or companies who pay in advance for five copies, sixth copy will be sent gratis.
☞ No subscription discontinued, except at the discretion of the publisher, until all arranges are paid.
All communications, as well as letters of business, relating to the Christian Register, should be addressed to DAVID REED, Boston.